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JANUARY 19, 1963

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TIME

WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Robert Vickrey

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VOL. LXXIX NO. 3



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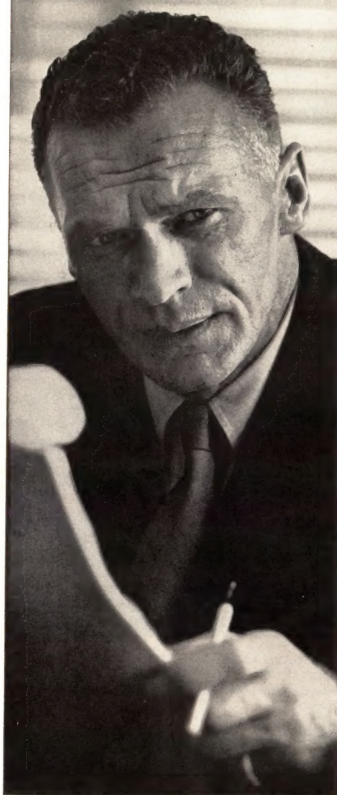
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LETTERS

The Man & the Portrait

Sir:

Though I approve of your choice of President Kennedy as Man of the Year, his portrait on the cover makes me recoil and shout like Macbeth upon seeing the ghost of Banquo:

*Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou has no speculation in those eyes . . .*

DOROTHY WHITE

North Charleston, S.C.

Sir:

About the fellow on the cover of your magazine, I mean, is it all right if we take an offering and buy him a new shirt, suit, comb and maybe even throw in a few extra bucks so he can get a haircut and some coffee? I mean, golly, after this, who is going to run for President?

(THE REV.) JAMES M. DECKER

The Reformed Church of Deepark
Port Jervis, N.Y.

Sir:

Pietro Annigoni's ruthless brush speaks silently and shockingly of the physical toll a man gives in the presidency. Shall the Man of the Year now be halted by denial of the help he asked for in his inaugural?

MRS. W. B. EARL

Summit, N.J.

Sir:

Kudos to TIME for naming the New Frontiersman as Man of the Year. His prodigious, close-knit family from Caroline to Joe, his self-confidence, his ailing back, his Peace Corps, the *Hourly*, Hyannisport, his struggle with the 87th Congress, and his many vigorous bouts with his alliterative foe in the Kremlin have dominated the 1961 news.

GEORGE RICE

Sacramento, Calif.

Sir:

Any "artist" who can make a portrait of our President look like one of Quasimodo (The Hunchback of Notre Dame) should be boiled in his own oils.

ELEANOR KOGEN LAPINSKY

St. Paul, Minn.

Sir:

There must be truth in Artist Annigoni's comment on the President: "He didn't smile very much while I was there."

If Mr. Kennedy save the painting, I can understand why.

GEORGE R. LEWIS

La Puente, Calif.

Sir:

At first, we were shocked by your cover but it catches Kennedy's spirit and personality beautifully, and this is more important than just a flattering, realistic rendering. This painting should hang in the White House or the National Gallery, where future citizens can see it. It's a masterpiece.

MR. & MRS. RICHARD NELSON

New York City

Sir:

Re your cover of Jan. 5:

Annigoni—

Bahony!

MRS. H. L. SHIPOLA

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

Never before, except in the photographs of Lincoln, have I seen the solemn responsibilities of the presidency more aptly reflected.

Not only is it an intimate glimpse of the President, but also a grim reminder of the immense burdens that rest upon his shoulders in his great task of guiding the world farther away from mankind's final tragedy and nearer to his greatest triumph—bringing peace to all men of all nations.

C. W. HARRIS

Woodlynne, N.J.

Sir:

As you say, Mr. Kennedy may yet become a great President, but the idea that his delayed reaction to the presidency qualifies him to the title of Man of the Year seems more than a little ridiculous. True, he has been good news copy, for various reasons, but his "indeleble mark" is yet to be left on history. In baseball the sportswriters do better with two awards, The Most Valuable Player of the Year, and the Rookie of the Year.

GUY MONTHAN

Altadena, Calif.

Sir:

It is abundantly clear that the artist is no court sycophant. It reminded me of Oliver Cromwell's roaring rebuke to his 17th century artist, "Paint me as I am, wars and all."

FRANCES HOUGH

St. Louis



CULVER PICTURES

► In 1650, the stern-faced Cromwell admonished the young painter Peter Lely to "use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts and everything as you see me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it." For the result, see cut.—Ed.

Sir:

I am full of admiration for TIME's splendid cover of President Kennedy, and for Annigoni for his masterful taste and urgent lucidity. The portrait is astonishingly truthful.

Though at first glance it tends to perplex, it quickly engages scrutiny, and you are left with a feeling of unrestrained respect for the artist. No question, this is your finest cover.

THOMAS J. GOLDTHWAITE

Bloomington, Ind.

Sir:

Annigoni has probed beneath the smiling and immaculate exterior to reveal a man who holds the loneliest job in the world.

PAULA MUSTER

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Singular Difference

Sir:

In referring to the new Russian ambassador to the U.S., Anatoly Dobrynin, as a "Soviet-style New Frontiersman" [Jan. 5],

you should have used the singular not the plural in the Russian translation. Instead of *Ljudi novyykh granits*, it should have been *chelovek novyykh granits*. *Ljudi* means men; *chelovek*: a man.

You need a Russian language expert.

IZRAEL TAUBENFLIGEL

Skokie, Ill.

► Says TIME's embarrassed Russian expert: "I na starukhi byvaet prorknha"—Ed.

What They Do

Sir:

All here at St. Anselm's were pleased with the RELIGION section [Jan. 5]. Your accurate and well informed survey of U.S. Benedictinism will be appreciated by Benedictines throughout the country. It is sometimes difficult to answer the layman's query, "What do you do in the monastery?" TIME's balanced reply points up the present situation and indicates the course of our deepening development. We thank you for it.

(R. REV.) ALBAN BOULTWOOD, O.S.B.

Abbot

St. Anselm's Abbey

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

As a member of a less than affluent monastic community whose school enjoys only a regional reputation, may I voice a quiet demurrer to the notion that monasticism in the 20th century is likely to solve the ancient antinomy, action-contemplation, by the efforts of presagant monks or by an exodus from our monasteries to search for activity in the world at large.

PLACIDUS RILEY, O.S.B.

St. Anselm's Abbey

Manchester, N.H.

Sir:

The article on Roman Catholic monastic orders in the U.S. was most interesting and informative; however, many people may not be aware that Anglo-Catholic (Episcopalian) religious orders are also active in this country. There are eleven Episcopal monastic orders and 14 orders of nuns in the U.S.

L. M. WILSON

Oklahoma City

Man From Stalag III

Sir:

TIME failed to mention that Culver's Delmar Spivey [Jan. 5] is well trained to prevent "turncoat performances" after having served as senior American officer in center command of Stalag Luft III during World War II. He is especially credited by many of us with having maintained discipline under difficult circumstances, and thus of having saved our lives at the risk of his own.

R. P. FROESCHLE, M.D.

Hazen, N. Dak.

► Spivey was shot down while piloting a B-17 over Germany in June 1943. For the next 20 years he was the officer in charge of some 9,500 Air Force prisoners of war, responsible for their internal organization and welfare. Freed in 1945, he became General Eisenhower's advisor on prisoner-of-war matters.—Ed.

Castrophobe

Sir:

In these days of G-2 Cuba, believe me it is distressing to be called a "Castrophile" in your report on Juan José Arreola's book, *The Shark and the Sardines* [Jan. 5].

Since I collaborated with the Cuban revolution—1959 and part of 1960—times have changed. For example, I well remember when I found it perfectly natural to receive help from the papal nuncio in the preparation

of an Italian version of a pamphlet by Bishop Evelio Diaz praising the land reform. All my pro-Castro activities, as a volunteer in New York and later as a member of the staff of the Office of the Prime Minister in Havana, were directed toward preventing the alienation of Cuba from the U.S.

In view of Castro's recent declarations, I was—like many other Cubans and Americans of good faith—plowing in the sea! But I certainly do not deserve to be mistaken for one of today's Castrophiles.

JUNE COBB

Mexico, D.F.

6 & 14

Sir:

My wife and I are the discoverers of what has been referred to as "6 and 14 dysrhythmia" [Jan. 5], and we have been recording for many years electroencephalograms on normal children, epileptics, and children with behavior disorders, including all the famous child murderers in northern Illinois. We can assure you that there is not a significant correlation between murder and 14 and 6 per second positive spikes.

By mixing this common and relatively benign electroencephalographic abnormality with a heavy charge of Freudian psychosexual speculations, Dr. Sherwyn Woods has produced an article that you have thought worth reporting upon. His two cases are statistically insignificant, and only the Freudian overtones entitled it to "scientific" publication in the first place.

Undoubtedly children who murder are sick, but neither the electroencephalogram nor Freudian theory tells us what is wrong. We are dimly ignorant; we might as well face it and keep looking for the truth of the matter.

FREDERIC A. GIBBS, M.D.

Professor of Neurology

Director, Division of

Electroencephalography

College of Medicine
University of Illinois
Chicago

Peace Corps Predecessor

Sir:

It seems you are spreading it on a bit too thick when you say that the Peace Corps [Dec. 19] is "doing what no other American has ever done." Christian missions have been doing for more than a hundred years what the Peace Corps is now trying to do.

I have eaten my share of roasted iguanas, even if I have never eaten a lechon. And I don't even count the times we have had dysentery.

Really now, do we need to teach people the truth? The best friends America has on foreign soil are the nationals who have been in touch with the missionaries.

QUENTIN SHORTES

Guatemala

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

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Sir:

As the Nigerians look upon whites who wear native dress with the same sort of horror that Scots reserve for a Sassenach in a kilt, I suggest that Graham Greene's novel *The Quiet American* be made compulsory reading for future Peace Corpsmen.

E. A. HARRINGTON

Esher, Surrey, England

Sprinkle v. Pour

Sir:

I am quite sure that the Archbishop of Canterbury did not "sprinkle" Viscount Linley, infant son of Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon, when he christened him, as your report has him doing [Dec. 29].

The only two methods of administering baptism recognized in the English (as in the American) Book of Common Prayer are "dipping" the baby "discreetly" in water and "pouring" water upon the baby. Since "dipping" is all but obsolete in Anglican circles, I am certain that on this royal occasion the method used was "pouring," probably with a baptismal shell.

(THE REV.) FRANCIS C. LIGHTBOURN
Milwaukee

► The Archbishop dipped his hand into a golden font, designed by Prince Albert, and gently poured water over Viscount Linley's head.—Ed.

Who's Hoot

Sir:

Where has your MODERN LIVING writer been listening to folk singers [Jan. 5]? He is right in saying that the blues are being sung by guitar-twanging imitators of Josh White. He is also right when he says international songs are being sung. He is dead wrong in claiming that Scottish and Irish ballads are big today. Actually, the No. 1 trend in folk songs currently is "bluegrass," an attempt to re-create the songs of the Southern Appalachians circa 1925-35.

Finally, he couldn't be wronger when he says that labor union songs are in vogue. The whole social-protest balloon collapsed among folk singers in the middle 1950s. In its place has risen a new craft—protest songs concerning integration, peace, and the H-bomb. Instead of *The Rebel Girl*, your writer today would most likely hear something like this at a hoot:—

*What will we get from radiation?
No neck, two necks or maybe three!
Each one will have his own mutation—
Nobody else will look like me no more!
Strontium, strontium, strontium go,
Fallout will get you, even underground,
So if you want strontium, strontium go,
There's plenty enough to go around!*

ROBERT A. JURAN

Hartsdale, N.Y.

◊ A hootenanny (hoot for short) is a gathering, usually pretty informal, of folk singers.



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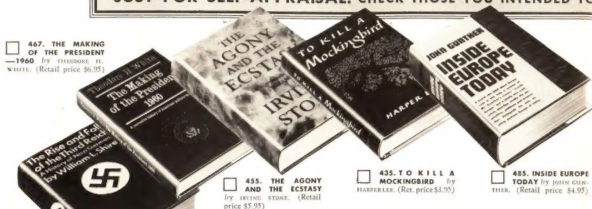
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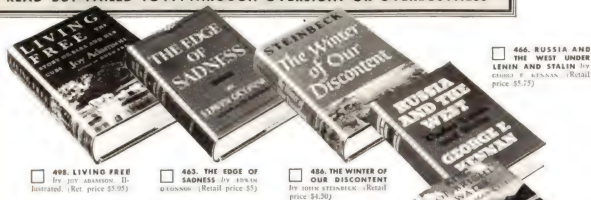
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Bernard M. Auer

NOT in a long time have the editors of *TIME* received so much mail from readers as they have over Pietro Annigoni's cover portrait of President Kennedy as Man of the Year. The issue was also one of the biggest sellers on the newsstands in a long time. The verdict of the readers who wrote to us is running against the portrait—although (as our letters column shows) there is another group of readers, initially shocked, who end by raising.

At the White House the diplomatic silence was broken by Caroline Kennedy, asking her father: "Daddy, where did you get those spooky eyes?" Artist Annigoni, in Florence, has been cheerily reading the critical letters in *TIME* and stands his ground: "I stayed with him many hours, watching while he talked, while he put questions. He then has a very special transformation in his face. I've seen the man at work and that's what I wanted to produce in a short time. I'm capable of criticizing myself. But from the point of view of interpretation," and here he rumbled with laughter, "I quite agree with myself."

TIME cover stories on Speakers, such as this week's on John McCormack, hold a natural fascination for the man who as editor of *THE NATION* section is responsible for the story. He is Champ Clark, 38, grandson of the Champ Clark who was Speaker of the House from 1911-19, for whom he was named. Our Champ's father, Bennett Champ Clark, was a U.S. Senator from Missouri for twelve years.

HOW big a threat to the West is "ruble diplomacy," the Soviet aid-and-trade program? To find out for TIME, Special Correspondent John Scott recently toured 15 countries in Europe and the Middle East, including the U.S.S.R. and its satellites, interviewing key economists and government officials. He has recorded his findings in a 138-page booklet, *The Soviet Economic Offensive*, which we will be happy to send to our readers at cost (\$1). Please address requests to the Publisher's Office, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

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THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

An Excess of Moderation?

The predictable party-line statements resounded across Capitol Hill as soon as the President had finished talking. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield managed to see in John F. Kennedy's State of the Union message "the authentic earmark of greatness." To Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen it was "like a Sears, Roebuck catalogue with the old prices marked up." Indiana's G.O.P. Senator Homer Capehart described it as "more inconsistent than any message I have listened to in my eighteen years in the U.S. Senate. And new House Majority Leader Carl Albert called it "the finest State of the Union message I've heard since I became a member of Congress 115 years ago."

It was, in fact, a carefully tailored message. By the number and variety of his proposals, the President clearly hoped to appeal to the liberal penchant for action and forge a political document with appeal to many groups across the nation; by the generally moderate nature of the proposals and the conciliatory tone of the argument, he hoped to appease the conservatives and soften their opposition to his program.

Kennedy asked for a potpourri of programs and powers that would doubtless carry a high price tag. But at the same time he stressed that his real purpose was to increase opportunities for individual Americans rather than build up the state at their expense. "The state is the servant of the citizen and not its master," he said, and he pledged to "give the individual the opportunity to realize his own highest possibilities." He asked for job training for private, not Government jobs for a spur, not to Government or public works but to private industry through tax credits, and—in his most controversial proposal—for standby power to lower taxes, not raise them.

In phrases that any Republican President might have used, Kennedy couched his plea for tariff cuts in terms of their advantage to U.S. business, urged more loans instead of outright grants for foreign aid, proposed a welfare program stressing

"rehabilitation instead of relief," and even, in his controversial plan for medical care for the aged, proposed a pay-as-you-go insurance plan rather than any program of outright aid. He promised to send a new farm program to Congress, but it was strange to hear a Democratic President speak matter-of-factly of the possibility of "a national scandal" as a result of the Government's farm programs.

In something-for-everybody is, of



PRESIDENT KENNEDY BEFORE CONGRESS
Carefully tailored to fit no one exactly.

course, the danger of not-enough-for-anybody. Even before his message liberals were berating Kennedy for acting too cautiously. Liberal Columnist Doris Fleeson predicted that Congress would open "without suspense or a ringing challenge by President Kennedy," and the New York Times warned that "the President must ask himself how much he dares dilute his program in order to get what is left of it approved. The question is dangerous: he could succeed as a politician and fail as a statesman. Last week the Times was disappointed. 'This was not a fighting speech,' it said.

Congressional conservatives for their part are not in a mood to make fighting speeches, because it is not yet clear what there is to fight about.

State of the Union

John Kennedy's second State of the Union message was the longest speech that he has made as President. In 53 minutes and 7,250 words he urged programs that covered the legislative spectrum. Among his major subjects:

- **THE ECONOMY.** "At year's end," Kennedy said, "the economy which Mr. Khrushchev once called a 'stumbling horse' was racing to new records in consumer spending, labor income and industrial production." For continued economic expansion, the President asked Congress to approve acts to retrain workers for new jobs, help train and place youths entering the labor market, and grant an 8% tax credit for businesses investing in new machinery and equipment. Noting that "the time to repair the roof is when the sun is shining," he also asked Congress for standby authority to lower income tax rates in times of recession, speed up federal public works programs and strengthen the unemployment insurance system.

- **EDUCATION.** Seeing "no reason to weaken or withdraw" his aid-to-public-schools bill pigeonholed by Catholic opposition last year, Kennedy urged its passage. But he virtually ensured its demise by noting that last year's bill provided "the maximum scope permitted by our Constitution"—thus sticking by his guns that aid to parochial schools is unconstitutional. He also proposed aid to colleges and a "massive attack to end adult illiteracy. Civilization," said H. W. Wells, "is a race between education and catastrophe." It is up to you in this Congress to determine the winner of that race.

- **CITIES.** Kennedy proposed a new Department of Urban Affairs and Housing because "both equity and common sense require that our nation's urban areas, containing three-fourths of our population, sit as equals at the Cabinet table."

- **CIVIL RIGHTS.** Kennedy asked Congress to act on pending bills to do away with such bars to voting as literacy tests and poll taxes—but Congress has been sitting on the bills for so long that it is not likely to disinter them. Kennedy boasted

that "this Administration has shown as never before how much could be done through the full use of executive powers. But there is much more to be done."

• **HEALTH.** In a strong plea for medical care for the aged tied to social security, the President said that "no piece of unfinished business is more important or more urgent," asked that a bill on the matter be passed "without further delay." Kennedy also recommended "a new public welfare program, stressing services instead of support, rehabilitation instead of relief, and training for useful work instead of long dependency."

• **AGRICULTURE.** Kennedy promised to submit to Congress "a new, comprehensive farm program . . . to prevent chaos in the Sixties with a program of common sense," but offered no details of the program. "The revolution on our own countryside," said the President, "stands in the sharpest contrast to the repeated farm failures of the Communist nations and is a source of pride to us all." But, warned Kennedy, "without new, realistic measures," increasing farm production "will some day swamp our farmers and our taxpayers in a national scandal or a farm depression."

• **DEFENSE.** The President ticked off the specifics of the U.S. buildup in military strength over the last year, including a doubling of the delivery rate of Polaris submarines and the production capacity of Minuteman missiles. Because "we have rejected any all-or-nothing posture which would leave no choice but inglorious retreat or unlimited retaliation," said Kennedy, the U.S. has also doubled the number of ready combat elements in the Army's Strategic Reserve, increased the active fleet by more than 70 vessels and tactical air forces by nearly a dozen wings, expanded antiguerrilla forces and modernized weapons and ammunition. He promised a further military strengthening of U.S. forces in 1962, but pledged also "a supreme effort to break the log jam on disarmament and nuclear tests . . . until the rule of law has replaced the ever-dangerous use of force. The world was not meant to be a prison in which man awaits his executioner. Nor has mankind survived the tests and the trials of thousands of years to surrender everything including its existence now."

• **FOREIGN POLICY.** The President's tone was one of muted optimism: "For every apparent blessing contains the seeds of danger—every area of trouble gives out a ray of hope—and the one unchangeable certainty is that nothing is certain or unchangeable." He emphasized his belief that "freedom, not coercion, is the wave of the future," contrasted the growing unity of the free world with internal rifts among the Communists. "It is not free societies which bear within them the seeds of inevitable disunity." He asked for a special \$3 billion fund for the Alliance for Progress program to aid Latin

America, promised that the "war of attempted subjugation" in South Viet Nam "will be resisted," promised to support newly emerging states "even when the views of their governments may sometimes be very different from ours." He underlined the continuing menace of the Berlin crisis: "We are prepared to talk, when appropriate, and to fight, if necessary." But, Kennedy added: "Our basic goal remains the same: a peaceful world community of free and independent states—free to choose their own future and their own system so long as it does not threaten the freedom of others."

• **UNITED NATIONS.** The President strongly backed the U.N., criticized "those who would abandon this imperfect world instrument because they dislike our imperfect world. For the troubles of the world organization merely reflect the troubles of the world itself. And if the organization is weakened, these troubles can only increase." Though the U.S. may not always agree with every U.N. action, he



KENNEDY BREAKFASTS WITH CONGRESSIONAL LEADERSHIP

said, the U.N. has no "stronger or more faithful member than the United States of America." Kennedy urged Congress to approve U.S. purchase of \$100 million in new U.N. bonds to help keep the U.N. solvent.

• **FOREIGN TRADE.** Kennedy made his strongest appeal for presidential power to cut tariffs—by as much as 50% to meet the challenge of the European Common Market and the threat of Communist economic expansion. "Our decision," he said, "could well affect the unity of the West, the course of the cold war and the growth of our nation for a generation to come. The United States did not rise to greatness by waiting for others to lead. This nation is the world's foremost manufacturer, farmer, banker, consumer and exporter. The Common Market is moving ahead. The Communist economic offensive is under way. The opportunity is ours, the initiative is up to us—and the time is now."

THE CONGRESS

Mr. Speaker

(See Cover)

The great walnut doors of the U.S. House of Representatives swung wide, and Doorkeeper William ("Fishbait") Miller announced in his drawling Mississippi delivery the arrival of a distinguished member. Through the door came a tall, gaunt man with a shock of white hair, rimless glasses and a thin-tipped smile. The House rose in welcome, and Massachusetts Representative John William McCormack made his way slowly down the center aisle. His peers had just elected him the 45th Speaker of the House.

When McCormack mounted the rostrum to voice his thanks and to take the oath of office (administered by Georgia's Carl Vinson, the dean of the House), his smile flickered. It was a supreme moment for John McCormack—one he had dreamed of for half his life. Yet McCormack could sense a melancholy and a reserve in the House mood.

The House was haunted, McCormack evoked the spirit in the opening words of his acceptance speech: "Speaker Rayburn was not only a great man. He was a good man." For all of McCormack's days as Speaker, he will be pursued by the memory of his predecessor and dear friend, the little Texan who had presided over the House more than twice as long as any other man. The House had rarely given a Speaker such wholehearted trust and respect.

There was no Democratic challenge to Majority Leader McCormack's more or less automatic succession to Rayburn's chair—nor was there any marked enthusiasm about it. Some liberal columnists and editorial writers grumbled, but the young liberals of the House, much closer in "style" to their President than to their new Speaker, were too prudent to voice their misgivings publicly.

Beyond these liberals, there was general House concern about the capacity of John McCormack to achieve real stature in the Speaker's chair. All could agree that McCormack, after 33 years in the House, has a keen and crafty mind, that he is a diligent worker and a dangerous debater, with a knife-like sarcasm that can cut an opponent to tatters. McCormack delights in being described as "The Fighting Irishman from Boston," and he is all of that. But some Congressmen wonder if that is enough.

Power & Trappings. McCormack is the first Roman Catholic to attain the speakership; one of the futile arguments mentioned by the anti-McCormack press was that with one Catholic in the White House and another, Mike Mansfield, leading the Senate Democrats, it would be asking too much of non-Catholics to elevate a third to the speakership. At 70, McCormack is the second-oldest man to win election (the oldest: Illinois' Henry Rainey, who was 72 when elected Speaker in 1935). He is the third Northern Demo-

crat to become Speaker in this century. The seventh Bay Stater to lead the House, he puts Massachusetts far in the lead as the mother of Speakers (following are Virginia and Kentucky, each with four).

The Speaker of the House of Representatives ranks right behind Lyndon Johnson in the presidential succession. In power potential he stands second only to the President. "The Speaker," said Speaker Thomas B. Reed, "has one Superior and no peer." When he and the President are of the same party, the Speaker is expected to be the chief White House ally on Capitol Hill. The Speaker must be a skilled and cool parliamentarian, in complete control of the 437 men and women of the House, able to interpret, to arbitrate, and to act swiftly and certainly. Through his various powers, controls and discretions, he can exercise enormous influence on the flow of legislation. No law may be enacted without the Speaker's signature. His right to refuse recognition to members rising to speak on the floor is a legislative tool of immense power; his discretionary privilege of entertaining or refusing to entertain a motion is another.

In his prestigious new job, Speaker McCormack is paid \$35,000 a year, plus \$10,000 for expenses (an ordinary Representative gets \$22,500). He also inherits two elaborate suites of offices and a cozy nook, a Cadillac with chauffeur, a private dining room. The power and the trappings of the Speaker are a big step up for any man—and a long way from the drab South Boston streets where John McCormack got his start.

John Kennedy and Nelson Rockefeller have won full political rights for the very rich—their sons may aspire to any office. John McCormack's rise to the Speakership is a forceful reminder of an older American theme.

The Deserving Poor. The South Boston of McCormack's boyhood was a neighborhood of shabby respectability. South Boston's citizens, almost all Irish-American, were poor but industrious (the "deserving poor"). Drawn together by their church (at one time, South Boston claimed to produce more nuns and priests per capita than any other U.S. community) and by the bitter prejudice of Boston's entrenched Yankees, the Irish were fanatically loyal to one another. A local saying has it that "if God came down to South Boston and ran for office against a fellow who was born in the district, he'd be licked." When he was asked about his friendship with John McCormack Richard Cardinal Cushing put it succinctly: "Of course we're friends. I'm from South Boston, he's from South Boston."

John McCormack was just 13 when his bricklayer father died. Besides his mother, there were two younger brothers, Edward ("Knocko") and Daniel, to support. (Nine other brothers and sisters died in infancy or youth.) Mary Ellen O'Brien McCormack was a strapping woman with a great heart, who cheer-

fully took on the burdens of her friends and neighbors. "She was the Mary Worth of the district," says her grandson, Edward McCormack Jr. "The one whom everybody came to with their troubles, arbiter of disputes, nurse of the sick, comforter of the oppressed." But Mary Ellen could not manage alone after her husband's death, so John quit school and went to work. "It was him that kept us together," recalls Knocko McCormack. "The main support was that he had a pretty good paper route, there in Andrews Square. He never went to high school, never went to college. He did nothin' but work. He had to work, to keep his mother together and to keep the two of us—my brother and me—from goin' to the home."

"Then You Moved On." Rent for a two-room tenement was only \$1.25 a week, but there were many times when John and his mother were unable to raise that much. "You never had no regular address," says Knocko. "You just stayed in one place as long as the landlord would let you, and then you moved on. We were poor, we were poor. We're not proud of it, but we don't shun the fact that we were the poorest family in South Boston."

The family stove was fueled with stray lumps of coal that Knocko and Dannie picked up in the railroad yards, and John's meager earnings were supplemented by a "pauper's basket" from the welfare department. "I had to go down to the Chardon Street welfare home and chop wood so we could get the basket," says Knocko. "Those baskets didn't have any oranges or grapefruit or nuts in 'em. It was a yard of dried fish and a bag of potatoes and maybe a little bag of onions." Friends still recall seeing young John McCormack crouched on a curbstone, reading by the flickering light of a gas street lamp. He devoured dozens of Dick Merriwell® adventures, and he retains a reverence for the rags-to-riches novels of Horatio Alger. "Parents," he says, "should make Horatio Alger stories must reading for their children. They build fine character."

Knocko's Horse. The McCormack brothers went different ways. Dan, the youngest, served in France in World War I, afterward became a drifter and an odd-job man, is now living in Texas. Knocko drove a team for a while, served overseas with the Yankee Division, returned to South Boston, where he ran a saloon that was the scene of many a celebrated Donnybrook. A huge (275 lbs.), roaring Irishman with a blackthorn wit, Knocko and his antics have delighted Boston for decades. Once, on a dull afternoon, he persuaded two plumbers to install an overhead shower and a concrete drain in the middle of his living room. When his wife came home, she found Knocko seated under the shower, pulling the chain. He silenced her with a question, "And why should I hafta move when I want a shower?" In 1940, when Knocko was

© Frank's younger brother.



MCCORMACK TAKING OATH AS SPEAKER
A moment he had dreamed of



HARRIET & JOHN
Dinner every night.

named grand marshal of the Evacuation Day[®] parade, there were newspaper stories wondering how anyone could find a horse that would not collapse under the marshal's weight. "It is the tradition that the chief marshal must ride a horse," roared Knocko. "Therefore I'll push my personal feelings out the window. I just want to say that I don't want to get into trouble with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Knocko led the parade—on a spavined swaybacked but steady old ash-cart horse—to the cheers and laughter of all South Boston.

John McCormack as spare and serious as Knocko is broad and fun loving, chose the Alger road. From his paper route, he moved to a \$3.50-a-week job as an errand boy in a brokerage firm. Then Lawyer William T. Way offered him \$4 a week as an office boy. "He turned out to be my benefactor," McCormack wrote, years later, "for he encouraged me to read law. The day I left the broker's office and went to work for Mr. Way proved to be the turning point in my life, even though at the time I made the decision I was guided solely by the fact that my new job gave me *so* more a week.

At 21, McCormack had read enough law to pass his bar examinations (just before the Massachusetts legislature passed a law requiring two years of high school as a prerequisite to admission to the bar). Mary Ellen McCormack had died a few months earlier. There has been only one

other woman in John McCormack's life: Harriet Joyce, a neighborhood girl, who became his bride in 1920. A talented contralto, Harriet had sung in St. Augustine's Church choir, gave up a budding career for a semi-cloistered life as Mrs. McCormack. Their romance has been an unfading valentine. The McCormacks, who are childless, live quietly in a suite at the Washington Hotel, at the Treasury bend of the Pennsylvania Avenue parade route. Between congressional sessions, they dwell on the second floor of a grey-shingled, two-family house in Dorchester, an aging Boston neighborhood. It is one of McCormack's proudest boasts that he has never once missed having dinner with his wife in their 41 years of married life. Rarely seen in public, Harriet McCormack is her husband's closest confidante; every day he scribbles dozens of notes on matters he wants to tell her about that evening. When he is with her, says an associate, "you might as well forget everything else—he only has eyes for her."

Doing What Comes Natural. In Boston young Lawyer McCormack seemed headed for quick success. He prepared his cases with exhaustive research—in the House, he has always been known as a Congressman who studied bills down to the last comma—and he was a slashing courtroom examiner (a style that has always been his chief characteristic as a House debater). His firm came to gross some \$30,000 a year, but McCormack's ambitions were never really satisfied in the courtroom. Politics, McCormack says, "was the natural thing for anyone born in South Boston." And in South Boston terms, John McCormack was a natural politician.

He was wise enough to hide his time learning the rules of the game while making himself known to Boston's rough-and-tumble political kingmakers. He worked for other candidates, made himself useful to the party, and shrewdly stored up political IOUs as provender for his own political future. "I was getting experience and making friends."

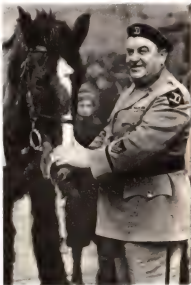
When he was 25, John McCormack ran as a delegate to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, the fourth in the state's history. McCormack was an odd-looking candidate—a pallid beanpole of a man with a mop of black hair and windmill arms, he looked like a Dublin agitator from an O'Casey play. He won his race, and at the convention he mingled with the stars of Massachusetts' political firmament. That same year—1917—McCormack enlisted in the Army, serving in Stateside garrisons for the duration of the war, emerging as a sergeant major.

After Armistice Day, McCormack ran for the state House of Representatives. He won, and won, and won again. In fact the only time John McCormack ever lost an election was a calculated step toward a career on Capitol Hill. By 1926, McCormack was a state senator, and he considered himself ready for the big time. That year South Boston's James A. Gallivan was running for his ninth consecu-

tive term in Congress, and McCormack challenged him in the Democratic primary—the only election that matters in South Boston. Gallivan, an enormously popular man, was also awesomely bibulous. His drinking didn't bother the tolerant constituents of the Twelfth District, but it opened a door for John McCormack. One day McCormack and a friend, Contractor James Fitzgerald, found Representative Gallivan in a drunken stupor on the floor of the Boston Athletic Club. Gallivan's pulse was so feeble that Fitzgerald could not detect it at first. Said Fitzgerald to McCormack: "You better run against him. This fellow isn't going to live long. He's going to drop dead."

McCormack took his friend's advice, waged a gentlemanly campaign without any real expectation of winning—and lost gracefully. In a post-election letter, Gallivan expressed his thanks. "Let me congratulate you on the splendid and clean manner in which you conducted your campaign. It was a source of sincere regret that I had to have you as my opponent. Two years passed, and Jim Gallivan did indeed drop dead. Nine Democrats, including John McCormack, filed for the party's nomination to succeed Gallivan. The Irish masters of Boston—including Kingmaker James Michael Curley and Martin Lomasney, boss of the Eighth Ward—recalled McCormack favorably and spread the word that he was their man. "They figured McCormack was the type who, if he got to Congress, would stay there," recalls Lawyer James Sullivan, one of the eight disappointed also-rans. "They were right—he's never moved."

Member of the Board. The U.S. in 1928 was at the pinnacle of Republican prosperity, but Depression—and the Democrats—were soon to come. In Washington, John Nance Garner of Texas was floor leader of the Democratic House



KNOCKO AT EVACUATION DAY PARADE
Donnybrooks that delight.

[®] Marking the departure of the British troops from Boston during the Revolution and celebrated, fittingly, on St. Patrick's Day.

minority. Garner and his crony, Texas Representative Sam Rayburn, were ever on the lookout for promising newcomers, and they liked the look of the freshman from Boston. McCormack voted his party's line undeviatingly. He worked diligently at the menial committee assignments that are a new Congressman's lot, and he quickly learned the procedural rules of the House.

McCormack was an expert poker player, a talent that endeared him to Jack Garner, who was later called "a poker-

playing, whisky-drinking, evil old man" by John L. Lewis, and whose own political career had been given a hefty bipartisan push forward by a poker-playing Republican, "Uncle Joe" Cannon. McCormack became a Garner protégé. At the beginning of McCormack's second full term, the Democrats took control of the House, and McCormack went to Speaker Garner with a timid request for an assignment to the Judiciary Committee. "Hell," growled Garner, "we want you on Ways & Means." McCormack was dum-

founded, for Ways & Means was and is one of the most powerful and sought-after committees in the House. McCormack followed Garner's instructions and persuaded the Massachusetts delegation to nominate him for the post; then Sam Rayburn called to tell him that the entire Texas delegation would vote for him. McCormack was the first Democratic Representative to win the cherished assignment after less than two terms in office.

From the moment of his elevation to



CLAY



BLAINE



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LONGWORTH

STRONG SPEAKERS

Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, an obese Lutheran minister, was the first Speaker of the House of Representatives and the first functioning head of the U.S. Government: he presided over the 65-member House in New York for a month before President George Washington was inaugurated. Sam Rayburn of Texas served longer as Speaker than any other man: 16 years. From Muhlenberg to McCormack, 45 have ruled as Speakers of the House (one lasted just one day). Some were great men, many were toadies and sycophants, a few were colorful despots. Among the outstanding Speakers:

Henry Clay the 34-year-old "Western Star" of Kentucky was elected Speaker on his first day in the House. That year 70 of the House's 116 members were new, and Clay appealed to the rookies' thirst for new-blood leadership. Before Clay the Speaker generally acted as a feeble referee over an undisciplined House mob. A stern taskmaster, Clay brought order and respectability to the House. Members were forbidden to put their feet on their desks, and the hound dog of Virginia's eccentric John Randolph was banished from the chamber on orders of the Speaker. Clay refused to be a mere presiding officer, asserted his rights to appear on the floor as an eloquent member. With the backing of Secretary of State James Monroe, Speaker Clay forced a reluctant President Madison to sign a declaration of war against Britain in 1812. Clay presided for six terms and achieved a lasting prestige for the speakership.

James G. Blaine, a Maine Republican, came to the speakership in 1869, when the House had again fallen into bedlam ways. With nearly 250 members crammed into a tiny chamber, the House was known as the "Bear Garden." When all else failed, Blaine flung himself on a couch behind his desk and suspended business until order was restored. Blaine strengthened the speakership with the ruling that a party was obliged to ratify the candidate chosen by the majority caucus—thus ending the chaos of intraparty and coalition candidacies (under the Constitution, the Speaker need not even be a member of the House).

Thomas Brackett Reed of Maine, the son of a sailor, was a giant of a man (6 ft. 5 in., 275 lbs.), who ruled the House by brute genius, and raised the speakership to a peak of authority. By refusing to entertain "dilatatory motions" (*i.e.*,

anything he disliked), Republican Reed won arbitrary power over the calendar of legislation. By counting silent members as present, he frustrated the Democratic minority's parliamentary ploy of preventing a quorum by refusing to vote. The "Reed Rules," many of which are still in use, ended House filibusters for all time. Reed was known as well for his cynical wit as for his autocratic rulings. His definition of a statesman: "A dead politician." His sardonic tribute to Progressive Republican Theodore Roosevelt: "Theodore, if there is one thing for which I admire you, it is your original discovery of the Ten Commandments."

Joseph Guernsey ("Uncle Joe") Cannon was a bearded tyrannical Illinoisan who firmly believed that the majority should rule—and that the Republican Party should be the perpetual majority. He welcomed and roundly misused the Reed Rules, became the House's greatest despot—but managed to maintain a host of loyal friends in both parties. He once blandly ordered a third roll call on a motion because "the Chair is hoping a few more Republicans will come in." Eventually, the House revolted against Cannon, stripped him of many of his princely powers and hobbled the speakership.

Champ Clark, a Missouri lawyer, was the Democratic floor leader in the insurrection against Uncle Joe Cannon. When he became Speaker, he was hamstrung by his own handiwork, and his fellow Democrats were reluctant to restore the powers that Clark had helped take from Cannon. He went a long way, however, toward restoring the speakership to its former prestige, and was noted for his rapid rulings. He never liked to explain his decisions, he said, because, like a country judge he had known back in Missouri, he might make the right ruling but give the wrong explanation.

Nicholas Longworth, a Cincinnati Republican, married "Princess Alice" Roosevelt, Teddy's daughter. He was an elegant, scrupulously fair presiding officer, and a skilled parliamentarian who won friends on both sides of the aisle and prestige for the House through his assumption that all Representatives were as honorable and gentlemanly as himself. With his bipartisan "Big Five," he set the pace for the famed "Board of Education," an informal gathering where the leaders of both parties could get together after each day's session for drinking and legislative planning.



KENNEDY, CARDINAL CUSHING & MCCORMACK
In a ward he is Rabbi John.

Ways & Means, McCormack was a House wheel. The help he had received from Rayburn made them allies—and their alliance endured for 30 years. Although McCormack had learned abstinence at his mother's knee (and has never touched hard liquor), he was welcome at Garner's after-hours hideaway, the famed "Board of Education," where the Speaker and Rayburn held forth with other congressional leaders, mixing Bourbon and Scotch with political gossip and plans. In 1936 after the death of Speaker Joseph W. Byrnes, Alabama's William ("Mister Will") Bankhead was the uncontested candidate to become the new Speaker. But a large grey thunderhead of controversy gathered over the succession to Bankhead as majority floor leader. The contenders were New York's John O'Connor and Sam Rayburn. By every rule of geopolitical logic, O'Connor should have been McCormack's man: he was a Northerner, a big-city Democrat, an Irishman and a Catholic. But Rayburn was a treasured friend, and McCormack promptly endorsed Mister Sam, bringing ten of New England's eleven Democratic Representatives into camp with him. That helped win the day for Rayburn. "I don't go back on my friends," McCormack says today. "I would be an ingrate."

Pristine Record. In 1940, when Rayburn succeeded to the speakership, McCormack became majority leader, smothering his opponent, Virginia's courtly Clifton Woodrum, with the aid of some muscular Rayburn politicking among the Southern delegations. At the 1960 Democratic Convention, it was again McCormack's turn to help Rayburn. As the chairman of John Kennedy's home-state delegation, he came to the rescue of Rayburn, the campaign manager of Lyndon Johnson, with a timely motion that suspended the rules and put Johnson on the

ticket with Kennedy as vice-presidential nominee by acclamation. The move effectively choked off the testy liberal opposition to Johnson, and wrapped the Democratic ticket in the cloak of unanimity. "Massachusetts and Texas," mused McCormack. "It's a good combination."

In his years as a citizen of the House, John McCormack has compiled a pristine record of party loyalty. He was a fervent New Dealer ("I was Franklin Roosevelt's good right arm," he says), and he has worked hard for the New Frontier. His name has never been signed to any famous bill and he has never been notably associated with any specific area of legislation. A passionate anti-Communist, McCormack chaired the first House committee investigating Nazi and Communist subversion (later the House Un-American Activities Committee). Through the years, he was a prime mover in the fight for TVA, SEC, the Federal Housing Act. He voted for Boulder Dam, agricultural supports, and many another project that had no particular connection with

the parochial interests of South Boston.

Yet McCormack is an old-fashioned frock-coat liberal, and a vastly different breed from the young, grey-flannel liberals who man the New Frontier. McCormack's liberalism is instinctive and emotional, culled from personal experience as a member of the "deserving poor." He has little use for the liberalism derived largely from books and faculty-club discussions. Such House liberals as Missouri's Richard Bolling and New Jersey's Frank Thompson regard McCormack as a hack politician who is all too ready to compromise modern liberal principles. Replies John McCormack: "I'm a progressive who believes that the road to progress is, in moments of contest, reasonable compromise. You don't compromise principles but you harmonize tactics to preserve unity." McCormack proved his point with consummate skill in three grueling turns as chairman of the Democratic Platform Committee (in 1944, 1952 and 1956). At each convention, he managed to control and placate, if not to elate, both the flaming Northern liberals and the truculent Southern conservatives on the explosive issue of civil rights.

Anathema to the Family. John McCormack and John Kennedy are not boon companions. In the past, the President and the new Speaker have had several well-publicized clashes beginning with Kennedy's refusal, as a downy-cheeked Congressman, to sign McCormack's petition for the pardon of James M. Curley from his mail-fraud jail sentence (Curley had been the bitter foe of "Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald, the President's grandfather and therefore anathema to the unforgiving Kennedy family). That same year Kennedy seized the Massachusetts Democratic organization from McCormack: the two men had agreed to a compromise but the McCormack-endorsed candidate for state Democratic chairman, William Burke, refused to withdraw his candidacy. McCormack stuck by him, insisting that "my word is my bond." Another altercation threatens in this year's Massachusetts senatorial election: State Attorney General Eddie McCormack, the Speaker's nephew, is already a candidate; Ted Kennedy, the President's brother, would like



O'NEILL



BOLAND



DELANEY

On the new team, his kind of Congressmen.

to be. In this case, the probability is that the Kennedys and the McCormacks will reach an amiable accommodation, with either Ted or Eddie bowing out before the primary.

But if nothing else, Jack Kennedy and John McCormack both talk the language of practical politics. Both are determined to get along in the President-Speaker relationship, and McCormack's personal dealings with Kennedy are likely to be among the least of his problems during his first term as Speaker.

Cigar Smoke. McCormack's House critics accuse him of slippery ways, and McCormack himself admits to what he calls "diversionary" tactics. When pressed for a decision or a political commitment, he shrouds his plans and motives with a cloud of words as thick and nebulous as the cigar smoke that usually surrounds him. Says a frustrated White House staffer: "He takes half an hour just to say hello." Once, McCormack drove Curley to distraction by refusing to say whether or not he intended to run for mayor of Boston. After mushroom clouds of double-talk, and in his own good time—when a candidate of his own choosing had built up support to the point of no contest—McCormack laconically announced that he would remain in the House.

McCormack is enraged by the persistent charge that he is under the thumb of the Catholic hierarchy. He resents his cloakroom nickname, "The Archbishop," as an insult to the Catholic Church. He is a deeply religious man who always wears the blue rosette of the Knights of Malta in his lapel. Of the eleven honorary degrees he has received, seven are from Catholic colleges.

He was dismayed and hurt when his Catholic constituents castigated him for his first appointment to the Naval Academy—of a Jewish boy. (In one ward of his Twelfth District, McCormack is still known as "Rabbi John.") He has consistently defended all minorities, and once, in a battle in the House with Mississippi's Racist John Rankin, he poured forth his feelings: "A man's racial origin means nothing to me, a person's name means nothing to me, a person's religion I respect. But what does mean everything to me is a person's mind. And when I meet a person with a bigoted mind, I am meeting a person I do not like, a person I have nothing but contempt for."

"Just Sit By Me." Although McCormack is extraordinarily thin-skinned himself, he can and does dish it out with one of the House's roughest tongues. Once, in the middle of a formal debate, he bluntly called Representative Earl Wilson of Indiana a "damned fool," and was required to retract his words. Again, in a 1953 argument with Michigan's acidulous Republican Representative Clare Hoffman, McCormack delivered an insult that is still recalled whenever Congressmen trade stories. "I would defend the Gentleman," he said, in a mockery of the politest parliamentary style, "because I have a minimum high regard

for him." Once he called Republican Floor Leader Charles Halleck a "hijacker," and stuck his finger into Halleck's jaw for emphasis. But Indiana's Halleck comes from another hard political school, and he understands McCormack. "John McCormack," he says, "always was a worthy and formidable antagonist, who fought hard—and fair."

Off the floor, McCormack can be strangely thoughtful and gentle. His door has always been open to fellow members with problems, and he has been, through all his years in the House, among the most accessible of leaders. In the evenings, with his wife in their hotel suite, McCormack snips dozens of useful items from the newspapers and furiously pen helpful memoranda in an often undecipherable scribble, then dispatches them to his colleagues the next day. One of McCormack's first acts after Sam Rayburn's death was to offer to help get Rayburn's staff new jobs. For years, Congressmen of both parties, eager to deliver speeches but frustrated because they could not get recognition from the Chair, knew they could come to McCormack with their problem. His invariable answer: "You just sit by me for a minute, and I'll get the floor for you." The many favors he has done will stand Speaker McCormack in good stead.

Cost of Characters. The McCormack speakership will raise the curtain on a new

cast of leading House characters. To get things done, the new Speaker will depend not on such White House favorites as Missouri's Dick Bolling and New Jersey's Frank Thompson, but on McCormack-style Congressmen like Massachusetts' Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill Jr. and New York's James J. Delaney, members of the key House Rules Committee, and Massachusetts' Edward P. Boland, who, as the only intimate shared by McCormack and Jack Kennedy's liaison man Larry O'Brien, can serve as a link between the House and the White House.

It is a tough House that Speaker McCormack faces across the well. McCormack must deal not only with the Republican opposition but with conservative Southern Democrats, the grey-flannel liberals and the entrenched committee chairmen. He has promised to go down the line in attempting to win passage of the Administration's legislative program. But in the 87th Congress' second session, the New Frontier legislative prospects look murky even to many New Frontiersmen. Not so to Speaker McCormack. His prediction: "I think we'll make as good a record as last year, and last year was an outstanding record." But, cocking an eye at the agenda and the problems of House-keeping, McCormack characteristically hedges his bet: "By the end of the session, Congress will have enacted into law a majority of the President's program."

CAPITAL NOTES

Back Again

The White House does not talk about it, but President Kennedy's back is still bothering him. Newsmen noticed that while the President was getting off his jet in a recent visit to Columbus, he hung tightly to the ramp railing, quickly lowered himself step by step. Earlier, while seated at a press briefing, the President dropped some papers on the floor. To avoid bending over, he fished up a few between his feet, then asked aides to pick up the rest.

High Morale

Even John Kennedy handles tough, testy General Lucius Clay with care. After recent Clay complaints that U.S. Army commanders in Berlin do not have sufficient on-the-spot authority, the President decided he had better have a talk with his special Berlin representative. He asked Dean Rusk to send a message to Clay, suggesting that if Clay's morale was suffering, it might be a good idea to visit Washington and examine the problem from the U.S. side of the Atlantic. Clay's retort: "My morale is no problem." But of course, he did agree to fly back for discussions with the President.

Departing In-Law

Up for a reshuffle: the Administration's "Crisis Center," an agency set up to coordinate cold war planning between the

White House, State Department, Pentagon and Central Intelligence Agency. Established last spring after the failure of the Cuban invasion, the agency's performance has never quite lived up to Administration hopes. Among the departing Crisis Center officials is Deputy Director Stephen E. Smith, 34, husband of President Kennedy's sister Jean. Smith has resigned in order to go to New York and help manage the Kennedy family's millions.

Sidelined

The most frustrated member of the Kennedy Cabinet is Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall. Since entering office, Udall has formulated a sweeping new conservation and national parks program. But his ideas have received no more than polite attention at the White House, and Stew is stewing.

Off the Reservation

Capitol Hill may have its first full-blooded American Indian as a U.S. Representative next year. For Arizona's newly created Third Congressional District seat, state Republicans are talking about running Navajo Tribal Council Chairman Paul Jones, 71, who has ably supervised his tribe's business interests, including uranium and oil deposits. One argument for Jones: some three-quarters of the state's 83,400 Indians live in the new district.

POLITICS

Lady in the Race

As a stalwart conservative, New Hampshire's late Republican Senator Styles Bridges bowed to no one. Well, almost no one. It just so happened that his attractive blonde wife Doloris sometimes made Styles seem, by comparison, a blazing liberal. During the 1960 presidential campaign, she declared in a speech to a New Hampshire women's club that Democrat John Kennedy had "a very, very soft record on Communism." She attached a qualifier that only added injury to insult: "This man is not a Communist—at least I don't think he is a Communist." Although an accomplished and popular hostess, Doloris had a disconcerting habit of introducing one guest to another by saying: "He's a good American."

Last week Doloris Bridges, 45, announced that she will run this year for her husband's old Senate seat, now being filled by New Hampshire's former Republican Attorney General Maurice ("Mo") Murphy Jr., 34. Appointed by Governor Wesley Powell, Murphy will almost certainly contest Mrs. Bridges in the September Republican primary. Another announced candidate is middle-roading Representative Perkins Bass, a quiet fellow who has been nicknamed "Little Mouth" to distinguish him from Tennessee's noisy Democratic Representative Ross ("Big Mouth") Bass.

Against her male opposition, Doloris Bridges should be a formidable candidate. The daughter of a Minnesota doctor, she learned lots about the ropes in Washington while working in seven different federal agencies. She met Styles Bridges at a Washington dinner party, when he helped her after the butler had spilled wine on her gown. They were married in 1944 (Bridges had been divorced from his first wife, and his second had died). In an-

nouncing her candidacy last week, Doloris Bridges evoked her husband's memory: "I believe I can best carry out his ideas, his unfinished work and our joint convictions." Asked how she now felt about her charges against John Kennedy, Mrs. Bridges replied: "Perhaps Styles used better words. He used to say 'He has a queer way of dealing with Communists.'"

Change of Heart

Last October, Michael Vincent Di Salle, Ohio's roly-poly Democratic Governor announced that he would not be a candidate for re-election next November. Di Salle was discouraged by his failure to get social welfare bills through the Republican state legislature, saw an ill omen in Richard Nixon's 273,363-vote victory over John Kennedy in the state in 1960.

But Di Salle is the only solid candidate Ohio Democrats have for Governor, and without him, the whole state ticket might sag. Well aware of this, President Kennedy kept in friendly touch with Di Salle. Kennedy invited the Governor to sit with him at the Army-Navy game, fortnight ago went out to Columbus to speak at a testimonial dinner on Di Salle's 54th birthday—and to apply some subtle pressure. In addition Ohio Democrats were rounding up some 200,000 signatures on petitions urging Di Salle to run.

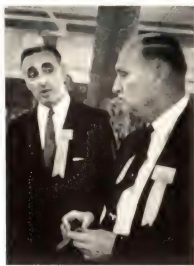
Last week Mike Di Salle announced that he will seek re-election after all started his campaign with a characteristic quip: "If nominated I will run. If elected I will serve." There is no doubt Di Salle will be nominated—but he may have some trouble getting elected. His likely opponent, James A. Rhodes, state auditor, former mayor of Columbus, co-author of books on Mary Todd Lincoln and Commodore Perry, and a Republican with a record that could draw some of labor's traditional support away from the Democrats.

Back to Business

They really like Abraham Ribicoff back home in Connecticut. They sent him to Congress for two terms, elected him Governor in 1954 and re-elected him by a record 246,368 plurality in 1958. Last year 1960, as President Kennedy's Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, hardly had time to breathe Washington's miasmic air before Connecticut Democrats were begging him to come home to run this year against Republican Senator Prescott Bush. As of last week, Ribicoff had agreed to just that.

By present plans, Ribicoff will not make a formal announcement of candidacy; he will simply wait for his party's state convention to "draft" him in July. That draft is all but a foregone conclusion, particularly since Ribicoff's campaign manager will be Democratic National Committee Chairman John Bailey, who doubles as Connecticut's Democratic state chairman.

For the public record, Ribicoff insists that he has had the happiest time of his life as a member of the Kennedy Cabinet. "I find my job extremely exciting," he says. "The President has given me com-



RIbicOFF & BAILEY
Perhaps there is a more exciting job.

plete freedom in running the department. In the next year, more than half of the President's program will be in health education and welfare—just about the entire domestic program except for the tariff question." But in fact Vote Getter Ribicoff can hardly wait to return to the business of getting votes.

How Right Is Wrong?

Appearing at a Whittier, Calif., banquet in honor of his 49th birthday, Republican Richard Nixon last week called upon both parties to "fight the extremes of the far left and the far right." The extremists are a small minority, said Nixon, "but their influence is far greater than their number because they are so active and so noisy."

Nixon's statement came in reply to charges leveled against him by Democratic Governor Edmund ("Pat") Brown that he was soft on the ultraconservatives. It also underlined the fact that political extremism has become the hottest election year issue in California, not only for Nixon in his gubernatorial campaign against Brown but for Republican Senator Thomas A. Kuchel in his stand for re-election.

A political moderate, Kuchel is a prime target of the ultraright, partly because he was originally appointed to the Senate by Earl Warren, who ranks at the very top of rightist demonology, and partly because he made a stinging Senate speech last year against the John Birch Society.

Running against Kuchel in the primary is Howard Jarvis, a former Los Angeles aircraft manufacturer, who appeals to the Birchers for support, declares he is against foreign aid, federal aid to education ("a fraud and a snare"), and the United Nations ("It hasn't accomplished a thing except to permit a spy ring to operate within our country"). Also opposing Kuchel is Loyd Wright, a former president of the American Bar Association, who is campaigning as a states' rights fundamentalist. Although not a Birch Society member, Wright says, "I wish we had 10,000 more



DOLORIS BRIDGES
Perhaps Styles used better words.

—perhaps 10 million—of the kind of men I know are in this society.”

The odds in California are that both Dick Nixon and Tommy Kuchel will win their nominations. But it is also clear that a continuing and noisy debate will rage until primary day over the question: How far right is wrong?

THE ATOM

Ready to Go

Throughout the week a small army of engineers, painters, technicians and nuclear physicists worked on the sleek, white-hulled ship lying in her slip at Camden, N.J. Early next month the N.S. (for nuclear ship) *Savannah*, the world's first atomic-powered merchant ship, will go to Yorktown, Va., for dockside tests, then head out into the Atlantic for sea trials. Said Dr. Marvin M. Mann, project manager of the ship's nuclear power plant: "For all practical purposes, the *Savannah* is completed."

President Dwight Eisenhower in 1955 asked Congress for money for a nuclear-powered merchant vessel, partly for the technological payoff, partly to impress on the world U.S. interest in the peaceful atom. The 22,000-ton *Savannah* now stands the taxpayers nearly \$47 million—about 50% more than a similar-sized, conventional ship. She will be able to cruise 300,000 nautical miles on a single fueling of her reactor. At first, the *Savannah* will be operated by the Maritime Administration as a sort of atomic-age tramp steamer, carrying up to 60 passengers and 10,000 tons of cargo at prevailing rates, without a set schedule. Then, in another 18 months, the *Savannah* will be chartered to the States Marine Lines, which will put her in service on a regular commercial schedule.

The *Savannah*'s reactor, a time-tested model similar to those used in U.S. nuclear submarines, will drive the ship at a speed of 21 knots. One problem for the *Savannah* designers was to shield the \$70 million reactor so that a collision with another ship would not release death-dealing radiation. To accomplish this, the



NUCLEAR SHIP "SAVANNAH"

And a bargain at that.

ship's nuclear engineers encased the reactor in reinforced bulkheads, extra-heavy plating, a 2-ft.-thick "collision mat" made of layers of steel and redwood, and some 2,000 tons of lead and concrete.

ORGANIZATIONS

Cosmos Commotion

As much as anything, membership in the club means membership in an infrangible fraternity of one's peers. The club offers the inestimable satisfaction of bestowing and receiving esteem. This, we venture to suggest, is not snobbery. It is the essence of fellowship.

—Cosmos Club brochure

The essence of fellowship is sometimes blended with whiffs of politics and publicity, and when the fragrance of bigotry is added, the resulting aroma, as Washington's Cosmos Club discovered last week, can be quite embarrassing.

The Cosmos Club has been a Washington institution for 84 years, now occupies a formal grey limestone building on Massachusetts Avenue's embassy row with 52 bedrooms, three big dining rooms, an auditorium seating 300, a billiard room—and, some braggarts say, the capital's worst food. The club's members have included Presidents William Howard Taft, Woodrow Wilson and Herbert Hoover, along with twelve Nobel and 20 Pulitzer prizewinners.

But last week the club's "infrangible fraternity" was fractured when its twelve-man admissions committee blackballed the first Negro ever brought up for membership: Carl T. Rowan, 36, the Kennedy Administration's Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs.

Rowan was sponsored for membership

by his State Department predecessor, Edwin Kretzmann, and Voice of America Commentator Raymond Swing. A Minneapolis *Tribune* reporter from 1948 to 1961, Rowan has written four books, including an analysis of the South's racial conflicts and a biography of Jackie Robinson. When he was rejected by the Cosmos, Rowan made no claim that race was the reason. Said he: "If it is the intellectual judgment of the membership committee that I do not merit membership, I can do no more than note this judgment and wish the club well."

Hearing of Rowan's turndown, U.S. Ambassador to India John Kenneth Galbraith, undergoing treatment for sinus at the U.S. Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md., promptly phoned the White House, then sent a letter of resignation to the club; Galbraith thereby voided the application of President John Kennedy, whom he had sponsored. Also quitting were Swing, Civil War Historian Bruce Catton, Assistant Secretary of State Harlan Cleveland, Author James P. Warburg and ABC News Analyst Howard K. Smith.

The Cosmos is not the first U.S. club to get into this kind of trouble. Two and a half years ago, the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills, N.Y., made unhappy headlines by turning down the application of the 15-year-old son of Nobel Peace Prizewinner Ralph Bunche. Washington's Metropolitan Club (which serves somewhat better food than the Cosmos) last year reprimanded Massachusetts' George Cabot Lodge, son of former U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. Henry Cabot Lodge, for bringing a Negro to lunch; George Lodge resigned from the Metropolitan was swiftly followed by Attorney General Robert Kennedy.



COSMOS CLUB

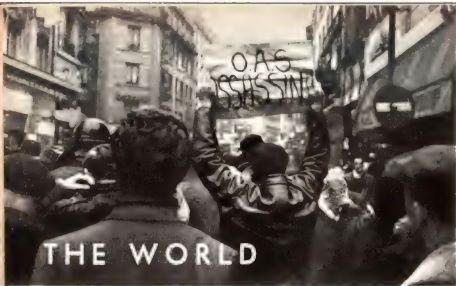


ROWAN

And a fragrance of bigotry.



METROPOLITAN CLUB



ANTI-TERRORIST DEMONSTRATORS IN PARIS
Ten killings a day.

ALGERIA

Le Putsch à Froid?

In Algiers last week, an average of ten people a day were shot, stabbed or bludgeoned to death. Between murders, the city rocked to the explosion of plastic bombs and to the dishpan clamor of Europeans who poured into the streets shouting "Algérie Française!" and "De Gaulle au pouvoir!" (De Gaulle to the gallows!). Once the bitter war in Algeria was fought between the French and the Moslems. Now it is fought mostly between French and French—those who back Charles de Gaulle in his desperate efforts to negotiate an agreement that will hand over Algeria to the Moslems, and those who are fanatical followers of France's ex-General Raoul Salan and his so-called Secret Army Organization, dedicated at all cost to keeping Algeria in the hands of its big (1,000,000) European population.

Disturbed Guards. The few French policemen and officials remaining loyal to De Gaulle are no longer the hunters but the hunted. Changing cars frequently, they move from one hiding place to the other and are surrounded by armed guards that they cannot always trust. The real government of Algiers seems to be in the hands of Salan and the S.A.O., which can apparently commit any crime with impunity. The few who are captured and brought to trial expect—and get—clemency from their intimidated judges.

The S.A.O. last week reached out beyond the borders of Algeria. At Alençon in Normandy, an S.A.O. gunman murdered a Communist Party organizer who had formerly lived in Algiers; in Paris a carload of S.A.O. terrorists shot up Communist headquarters and wounded a night watchman. An S.A.O. theft of 207 lbs. of plastic explosive from a U.S. Army base was followed by the seizure of small arms and munitions at the French army's Camp Satory, near Paris.

Then the S.A.O. turned to Italy. Last

summer they had sent a death warning to Italy's top industrialist, Enrico Mattei, because they suspected that he had made a deal with the rebel Moslem F.L.N. to exploit Saharan oil once France pulls out of Algeria. Last week, at Rome's Urbe airport, mechanics warmed up Mattei's sleek, twin-jet executive plane to carry him on a flight to Morocco to dedicate a new oil refinery at Mohammedia, where the top leadership of the F.L.N. was meeting. Hearing a peculiar noise in one of the French-built jet engines, the mechanics found that a heavy, twisted screwdriver had been taped to the inside. The screwdriver was meant to loosen in flight and be sucked into the jet's moving parts, causing a midair explosion. Mattei canceled his trip.

At first, the Moslem F.L.N. rebels had airily dismissed the S.A.O. as no concern of theirs—it was, they said, simply an affair between Frenchmen. But with the

mounting murders, this attitude changed last week. Premier Benyoussef Benkhedda, Vice Premier Belkacem Krim, and the rest of the F.L.N. cabinet met in Morocco then issued an official communiqué bluntly declaring war on the S.A.O. and warning that S.A.O. activities could "jeopardize the interests of the European minority in Algeria."

Was the S.A.O. getting ready for a grand uprising to prevent Algeria's turn-over to the Moslems? Many thought so. On the other hand, a new term was heard in French political conversation: *le putsch à froid*. In a "cold putsch" the S.A.O. would simply continue its detailed terrorism indefinitely, until (or so S.A.O. supporters hoped) the French government's authority was totally destroyed and the fanatical rightists could take over.

At week's end the S.A.O. increased the pressure by a broadcast over a secret radio transmitter urging all Algerians to stockpile two months' food supplies and to immediately withdraw their bank savings. The broadcaster signed off with an ominous-sounding code message: "The orange trees will soon blossom anew."

CONGO

Fading Boss

In the Congo something always seems to turn the soberest occasion into a joke. Last week it happened again in the arrival of a planeload of emergency supplies donated by the U.S. for flood-battered Stanleyville. It was quite a moment for the lazy little river capital of Eastern Province, stronghold of Red-backed Antoine Gizenga, whose own rebellion against the central government had for a time seemed as serious as Moïse Tshombe's in Katanga. The town had been without water and light for weeks; now, everything had been arranged to unload the plane and greet the officials who came along with it from Leopoldville. But as the big U.N. Globemaster rolled to a stop with its cargo of



PREMIER BENCHEDDA (DARK GLASSES) & F.L.N. CABINET
Three kisses to a war.

electric generators, everything dissolved into typically Congolese chaos.

First, the two trucks waiting to transfer the equipment broke down and had to be pushed off the airstrip; then Simon Lo-sala, Gizenga's provincial president, realizing that a dusty sport shirt was inappropriate for the occasion, rushed off to find a jacket and tie. When he returned, his tipsy words of welcome were: "I have been diddling around all day to ensure that these generators serve the population. In about three days or three weeks, I forget which, we shall have light again. It has meant a lot of work but, by God, I have to run the province!"

In the Villa. These were brave words, but as far as anyone could see last week, Eastern Province was in fact hardly running at all. Boat traffic along the Congo River was virtually at a standstill; in the towns, shops were closed and deserted; the battered government cars on the streets of Stanleyville, with their smashed fenders and broken windows, looked like stock-car racing relics. The once menacing empire of Antoine Gizenga, heir to Patrice Lumumba's mantle, was crumbling fast.

The boss himself had not been seen publicly for a month, preferring seclusion in his large riverside villa. From there, the stream of brusque orders, still went out—to his troops, to his police, to his aides in the African Solidarity Party. But now many of Gizenga's decrees were being ignored. His army chief, General Victor Lundula, had declared his loyalty to the central government regime of Premier Cyrille Adoula in Leopoldville; when Gizenga angrily sent a platoon of Stanleyville police out to arrest Lundula, the cops began bickering among themselves, broke up and returned to their barracks without making the pinch.

A Second Thought. Obviously, this was the time for Adoula's central government to begin its crackdown, forcing Gizenga to drop his secession threats and rejoin the Congo. Out went an angry parliamentary demand for Gizenga to return to Leopoldville and take the Deputy Premier's seat he had abandoned last October. Some of Gizenga's own party followers in the Leopoldville Chamber of Deputies supported the resolution against him. Said one: "We have had enough of the anarchy and terror that reign in our province. If he does not return within 48 hours, we must take the governmental mandate away from him."

At first, Gizenga replied with a sneering refusal. On second thought he reversed himself and vaguely promised to come; but by then, the government was so angry that it sent orders to Lundula to "take all necessary steps to restore order" in Stanleyville. It might be a bloody task, for Gizenga still had a nucleus of determined soldiers behind him; strong enough, at the very first clash, a battle royal resulted. Gizenga's force lost eight men, but it also killed six of Lundula's troops before the shooting ended. The way things looked, many weeks of bitter struggle lay ahead before the central government

could put down Gizenga's rebels completely and add Eastern Province as a whole.

Unexpected Visitors. Adoula still had stubborn Moïse Tshombe of Katanga to deal with. Day after day, Tshombe weaved, dodged and ducked to escape implementation of the agreement he had signed with Adoula vowing an end to Katanga's secession. Katanga's provincial assembly ratified seven of the agreement's eight points, but still haggled over the crucial one, which would oust the white mercenaries in the army. At his Elisabethville headquarters, Tshombe was simply stalling for time while his Katanga army

ever, that our plans and preparations for further operations to achieve total elimination of mercenaries are going forward without delay."

INDONESIA

Into Space

On a barnstorming tour of the boondocks aimed at whipping up enthusiasm for his threatened invasion of Netherlands New Guinea, Indonesia's President Sukarno took along a star-studded cast: ten admiring foreign ambassadors, including the U.S.'s Howard Palfrey Jones, Soviet Cosmonaut Gherman Titov, a



ANTOINE GIZENGA & BODYGUARDS (1961)¹⁰
And now his orders are disobeyed.

units were getting stronger by the day. He had worked hard to build a second bastion, the "rearguard capital" of Kipushi, a mining town 25 miles away on the Northern Rhodesian frontier, where machine-gun nests and slit trenches were manned day and night by Katanga's nervous, trigger-happy troops.

In addition, Tshombe was restocking the army's leadership by recruiting dozens of fresh mercenaries in Europe. One planeload of 32 white fighters already was flying south from Europe. When they got to Northern Rhodesia, Federal Premier Sir Roy Welensky nervously decided the visas of 26 Frenchmen and a Spaniard were not in order, turned them back. His border guards also confiscated 1,700 lbs. of "clothing," which turned out to be military camouflage garb. But five tough-looking Belgian "mechanics" who had valid visas (and boasted openly to reporters that they were professional fighters) got on a train and went straight up to Moïse.

The news did not sit well at U.N. headquarters in Manhattan. Warned Secretary General U Thant: "It is our hope that he will keep his promise. I must add, how-

ever, that our plans and preparations for further operations to achieve total elimination of mercenaries are going forward without delay."

In his fourth brush with violent death, Sukarno was 100 yards away when a grenade exploded near his stalled car in the south Celebes city of Makassar. As always, the escape raised Sukarno's prestige to a new peak among his superstitious countrymen and served his immediate strategy. At a Djakarta reception next night, he cried dramatically: "They tried to kill me." Aides left no doubt that by "they" Sukarno meant the Dutch, although no one knows who actually planted the grenade. Communist China's Chou En-lai sent Sukarno a message condemning "imperialist ruffians." Khrushchev sent a "sincerely rejoicing" cable on the President's survival.

Anti-Dutch Aloha. For all Sukarno's impassioned denunciations of Dutch "imperialism," in The Netherlands last week

¹⁰ From the Young Nationalist Women's Association, one of the youth groups which have been the nucleus of Gizenga's strength in Eastern Province.

indignation was mainly directed at the U.S. and Ambassador Jones. A competent diplomat who has spent five years in Indonesia and has become deeply attached to the country, genial, guitar-twanging Howard Jones, 63, is an effusive admirer of Sukarno's oratory. Says he: "He's the greatest public speaker I've heard since William Jennings Bryan." After one of Sukarno's inflammatory anti-Dutch orations during his East Indonesia swing, Jones was introduced to the crowd and cried into the microphone: "Merdeka [Freedom]!" Just before Jones, the Soviet Ambassador had stepped up to the mike and intoned: "Merdeka Irian Barat [Freedom for West New Guinea]." Jones's choice of words stirred a furor

Invasion "Any Day." Meanwhile, Sukarno sounded less inclined than ever to negotiate with the Dutch. Said he: "We are fed up." Pressing ahead with invasion plans, he bundled top government officials off to an army camp to toughen them up, installed military and civil commands for the territory he hopes to occupy, appointed as "liberation" leader able Brigadier General Suharto. Though the Dutch still believed that Sukarno was bluffing, one of his top staff officers said at week's end: "Military action can take place any day."

Most Indonesians sounded as if victory were a foregone conclusion, despite West New Guinea's rugged terrain and 5,000 Dutch forces. After New Guinea, hinted

section for 17 successive weeks. Even by the melancholy standards of most Japanese poetry, they are unusually poignant, and with reason: Shima, 27, is a condemned murderer awaiting execution in a Tokyo prison.

Shima's background became known only when the paper, impressed by his "great promise," decided to learn more about its hit writer. While his verses in translation lose the rhythm and most of the overtones and associations that the original words have for the Japanese, they nonetheless give vivid insights into an unhappy past and remorseful present. After a lonely childhood, Shima fell in with young hoodlums, served two years in reformatories and jails before stabbing a farmwife to death during a 1959 burglary. He writes:

*This hated felon
During the interminable night
Recalls*

*And counts on his fingers
The times he has been praised.*

In one of his latest poems, Shima expresses relief at still being alive as well as resignation at the prospect of death:

*Being privileged to greet the New Year
The faces of this felon
And his fellow felons light up.*

Shima's *waka*, reminiscent at times of Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, were inspired by a book of poetry sent him in jail by the wife of his former schoolmaster. Poetry writing has long been considered an effective form of rehabilitation in Japanese prisons. There are *utakui*, or poetry clubs, in all of Japan's 73 penitentiaries, with an average membership of 110 each; the number of poets behind bars is estimated at more than 16,000.⁸ Prison magazines are filled with their efforts, and several prison wardens are famed versifiers. Explains the director of Japan's prison rehabilitation program: "Literature has a tendency to refine the coarse, materialistic mind of a convicted man." It is possible, also, that a condemned criminal has a unique compulsion to communicate with his fellows. Wrote Shima recently:

Numbered are my days.

*As a felon
Awaiting execution
I know now*

The meaning of loneliness.

JAPAN

Ballads of Tokyo Jail

Poetry in Japan is considered too pleasant an art to be left exclusively to poets. Japanese of all backgrounds like to compose spare, highly stylized verses⁹ whose aim is to evoke a moment or a mood, rather than convey a moral or tell a story, as in Western poetry. One of the top features of Tokyo's *Mainichi Shinbun* (circ. 3,568,000) is its Sunday selection of the ten best *haiku* and *waka* culled from some 500 it receives weekly. Last week an amateur poet named Akito Shima achieved the rare distinction of having had his work printed in the paper's poetry

SOUTH KOREA

Death for Doubters

When a South Korean military junta toppled the civilian government of Premier John M. Chang last May, a squad of revolutionaries raced to the palatial home of Army Chief of Staff General Chang Do Yung and bluntly told him: "Join the coup or we will kill you." After thinking it over for several hours, General Chang reluctantly agreed, became Premier and

⁸ No. While visiting Berlin in 1914 as an official of the National Municipal League, Howard Jones pointedly refrained from saluting the Nazi swastika. Threatened by a fist-shaking Storm Trooper, he protested angrily to Adolf Hitler's German government, promptly received a full apology.

⁹ The *haiku* consists of 17 syllables, usually arranged in three lines; the *waka*, of 31 syllables, usually in five lines.



"HOW CAN I HAVE IMPERIALISTIC DESIGNS?
—I'M NOT WHITE."

in The Netherlands, where a high government official was quoted as describing him as "Sukarno's court jester." There were questions in Parliament, and Foreign Minister Joseph Luns expressed his government's "displeasure" with the U.S. Howard Jones insisted that *Merdeka* "is used almost the same way in Indonesia as 'hello' elsewhere, or 'aloha' in Hawaii" and added: "I can't imagine anyone in America objecting to my standing up and saying 'Liberty.'" But the Dutch press pointed out that the word was the rallying cry of Indonesia's rebels when the country gained its independence from The Netherlands in 1949, and still has strong anti-Dutch overtones. Stormed the *Nieuwe Rotterdammer*: "Would Mr. Jones, if he were serving as a diplomat in the Berlin of the Third Reich, also have used the form of greeting that was normal in those days for Germans?"¹⁰



TWA—where great food is a matter of foreign exchange

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front man for the tough reform regime of General Park Chung Hee. Scarcely six weeks later, accused of obstructing the revolution, General Chang was put under house arrest.* Last week, dressed in the shabby white robe of a common laborer, he was sentenced to the gallows by a five-man military court in Seoul.

Eyes closed, slumped in the dock, Chang, 39, listened for almost two hours while the judges took turns reading the opinion. The defendant, they said, was "a master of flattery, inveigled personal advance and promotion by opportunistic guiles, an attitude not worthy of an officer in uniform." Among the specific charges: on the eve of the coup, Chang had ordered two companies of military police outside Seoul to fire on advancing columns of revolutionary troops. He tipped off Premier John Chang to the plot, enabling him to hide out for two days. When informed of the coup by General Park on the telephone, General Chang told him he was drunk, snapped: "Go back home to bed." To U.S. officials, Chang described the revolt as merely "a riot." Only when the coup clearly proved to be successful did Chang join the winning side as "a sly, base opportunist." But later, the judges held, instead of backing General Park, Chang undermined him and tried to organize a counter-coup.

In court, Chang angrily denied most of the accusations, but frankly explained his early petulance: at first he had considered the revolt just "one of those troublesome upheavals of young colonels demanding the resignation of corrupt generals and promotion for themselves." He expressed "regret that my doubts caused impediments to the revolution." For having har-

bored the same doubts, Chang's former secretary, Colonel Lee Hoi Yung, was also sentenced to death. On similar charges, 13 other defendants, including two original members of Park's junta, drew prison terms ranging from five years to life. Nine others were acquitted.

Whether Chang hangs is up to South Korea's tough ruler, General Park, who reviews all final verdicts of capital punishment. So far, 16 men have been sentenced to death on charges of opposing last year's revolution; seven of them have gone to the scaffold in Seoul's bleak Sodamun prison.

LAOS

How to Move a Horse

Anywhere else in the world, the U.S. would rush to back a stubborn anti-Communist leader. In Laos the situation is different. For months the U.S. has been trying to nudge the country's leading anti-Communist, General Phoumi Nosavanna, and his protégé, Prince Boun Oum, into a coalition government with "Neutralist" Prince Souvanna Phouma and pro-Communist Prince Souphanouvong. Reason: the U.S. is convinced that Defense Minister Phoumi (whom it once backed) and his Royal Laotian Army could never win a war against the Communist guerrillas, now considers its best hope is to make Laos into a neutral buffer state. But Phoumi and Boun Oum have danced away from every effort by U.S. Ambassador Winthrop Brown to align them in a neutral government. Praising Phoumi's stubborn resistance to U.S. policy, a supporter said: "When you hit a horse on the nose, he doesn't move backward. He just rears up on his hind legs and comes down in the same place."

Last week the U.S. got weary of Phoumi's rearing and backing, and hit him where it hurt: in the pocketbook. Leary of outright sanctions, the U.S. put the pressure on by failing to deposit the regular monthly aid payment of \$4,000,000 with the Chase Manhattan Bank in New York. With a straight face, U.S. officials announced that "administrative snags" caused the delay. The U.S. aim: to make Phoumi and Boun Oum go to Geneva for more talks with the permanent international conference on Laos. But Phoumi was not about to buy a plane ticket for Geneva without a fight. In a belt-tightening measure to safeguard his dollar reserves, he ordered the National Bank of Laos to stop exchanging dollars for Laotian kip. The black market price for the dollar promptly jumped from 80 to 150 kip, and food prices spiraled. He floated rumors of dollar loans from other sources, announced new Communist invasions from Red China and North Viet Nam to make the U.S. rally to him (as of last week U.S. military men discounted the invasion stories).

Said a government minister bravely: "The royal government will never agree that its alignment is the price of aid, even less that the kingdom is a poker chip in an international game. The pressure now



PRINCE BOUN OUM
A position in the wrong place.

exercised on the royal government is intolerable."

At week's end Boun Oum and Phoumi finally yielded to the pressure, announced that they would go to Geneva. At the same time, the U.S. discreetly deposited the \$4,000,000 in the Laotian account. But there was no reason to hope that the Geneva meeting would be successful. Phoumi still is holding out for the vital defense and interior ministries that Souvanna demands as his share of the prepared coalition government. And Boun Oum will not be in Geneva long. He must return to Laos by the end of this month to attend the cremation of his mother.

NORTH VIET NAM

How the Cooky Crumbles

The Communist government of North Viet Nam is nervously looking toward the south. There, the Communist guerrillas are doing as well as ever, having extended their hold on the Mekong delta and the high plateau of South Viet Nam. But last week U.S.-supplied aircraft were dropping fiery chemicals to burn off jungle foliage from guerrilla hiding places along the Laos border. U.S. military advisers were training South Vietnamese battalions, and plans were under way to increase the South Viet Nam army from 170,000 men to 200,000.

The Red rulers of North Viet Nam had economic worries as well as military ones. True to form, Radio Hanoi trumpeted that things were getting better and better, told endlessly about workers "overfulfilling" their production quotas. The new slogan for 1962 had the old dialectical ring: "Fulfill all targets from the very outset—the first day, the first month, the first quarter!"

But beneath the slogans and the cheers ran a thin line of complaint that some

* Ex-Premier John Chang was kept under house arrest for six months after the coup and released last November, just before General Park's visit to Washington.



GENERAL CHANG
A pause at the wrong time.

workers and peasants were not toeing their Marx. In Hanoi last week a party official admitted that the big China-Viet Nam Friendship agricultural cooperative had worked only 160 full days last year, and that this lackadaisical record was typical of the other cooperatives, which include 90% of North Viet Nam's peasant families. Even North Viet Nam's boss, "Uncle Ho Chi Minh," joined in the complaints.

A party newspaper denounced the activities of Mrs. Tuan and Mrs. Hoa, a pair of resourceful peddlers who operate a portable Woolworth's on one of Hanoi's main streets. One morning, a Red reporter had visited all the state trade stores without finding a single fountain pen. He then watched while Mrs. Tuan and Mrs. Hoa sold dozens of fountain pens in less than an hour, in addition to razor blades, moth balls, nylon stockings, shoelaces, buttons and aspirin tablets—all in short supply at the state stores.

Hostility to the state's trade monopoly extends deep into the countryside. Theoretically, all farm produce should be marketed through the state, but huge amounts of rice, pork and corn are being diverted from official channels. A state inspector noticed a strange fragrance in the air as he entered the village of Me Tri. Following his nose, he discovered that almost every villager was engaged in baking corn—a lightly toasted corny made of unripe glutinous rice. Me Tri had developed so flourishing an illegal corny business that the villagers were even buying rice grain from other cooperatives. Red sleuths found that villagers were also slaughtering pigs for private sale, making moonshine from corn, and illegal noodles from rice.

To deal with the situation, the party summoned an "important conference" at Hanoi to help strengthen the "state plan and stamp out free enterprise, denounced as a legacy from colonial times.

COMMON MARKET

Down on the Farm

How small is a small tomato? How does a chicken lay an egg? How much Italian Chianti would Frenchmen drink?

For the past four weeks in Brussels such questions have engaged and enraged delegates from the six Common Market nations—France, Italy, West Germany, Belgium, Luxembourg and The Netherlands. After four years of remarkable headway, the Common Market had momentarily stalled. The obstacle was agriculture in all its earthy details and behind it the sturdy, stubborn European peasant.

Push for Change. The 1957 Treaty of Rome, which established the Common Market, provided for gradual tariff reductions, and industry quickly adjusted to the newly freed competition. Some inefficient mines and marginal businesses had to shut down, but the Common Market created so much new prosperity that such dislocations were rare.

The Rome treaty called for similar stabilization of agricultural markets, but in this field the six nations proved far less flexible. After centuries of striving



FRANCE'S EDGAR PISANI
High prices or low?

for national self-sufficiency in food production, each country had its own weird system of import restrictions, government subsidies, artificially maintained price levels to protect its farmers and these were far harder to change than industrial tariff walls.

The push for change came from France. With the support of Italy and The Netherlands, the French began to pressure for an agricultural accord before the end of the Common Market's first four-year stage, during which each member had an absolute veto. Deadline for the end of the first phase was Dec. 31, 1961. The French warned that unless the substance of a new farm program was worked out by that date, they would veto passage of the Com-

mon Market into its second four-year stage, in which majority rule would prevail on all but specific major decisions. Forewarned delegates of the Six gathered in Brussels' Palais des Congrès in mid-December to haggle over the complicated terms of the agreement.

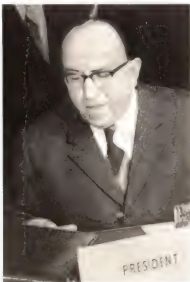
Major antagonists were the French delegation headed by Agricultural Minister Edgar Pisani, and the West German group headed by West German Agricultural Minister Werner Schwarz. Chairman of the conference last week was West Germany's Alfred Müller-Armack, who was kept so busy trying to keep peace among the two warring delegations that he had to retire at one state because of his heart condition.

Heated Sessions. Before the delegates was a proposal that called for gradual abolition of agricultural subsidies in each member nation, and the establishment of an agricultural support fund for the whole Common Market area. The question: How to finance the new system? The French wanted payments from each nation assessed according to the size of its food imports; this would put the main burden on West Germany, which is a heavy food importer. The West Germans, on the other hand, wanted assessments made on the basis of each country's present contribution to the running of the Common Market (this would let Bonn off more easily).

The other major problem was negotiating price levels for all Common Market countries. Essentially, France favored low prices, West Germany high prices. Reason: West German agriculture is inefficient, even more heavily protected than its neighbors' with prices for some items substantially higher than world market prices (example: \$8 a bushel of bread grain, the world price of \$3). By contrast, the French have a vast agricultural surplus, in effect want a Common Market system that will enable them to sell their surplus in Germany. Since this is bound to reduce German farm income, and since German farmers are heavy backers of Konrad Adenauer's regime, the West German delegates at Brussels stalled every step of the way.

The sessions were heated. Three official-collapsed with heart attacks, and still-lie-bearded, trigger-tempered delegates fought lone into the night, stoked with double whiskeys brought to the conference table. Each point was conceded only after bitter argument. "This isn't integration!" shouted a Netherlands minister. "This is disintegration!" With chances for agreement glimmering, the six nations agreed to continue the meetings into the new year, evaded the Dec. 31 deadline by stopping the clock and the calendar; committing to give a December date to the minutes of each meeting.

No Pitchfork Revolt. As the talks wore on, some compromises were worked out between the German high-price demand and the French low-price demands. The West German delegates reluctantly agreed to a gradual establishment of a common grain price, to be negotiated over the next



WEST GERMANY'S MÜLLER-ARMACK
Integration or disintegration?



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eight years. Prodded by Italy, delegates agreed to set up a free trade program for poultry, pork, fruits, eggs, vegetables, dairy products and feed grains over the next eight years. Two major problems remained: an escape clause to allow an individual government to cut off farm imports from other members if its own farmers were seriously threatened, and a compromise between the German and French plans for financing the new Common Market support system.

In the long run, there is no doubt that West Germany will have to expose its agriculture to stiff foreign competition. Essentially, the Germans are fighting only for time to carry out this transition as slowly as possible. West Germany's peasants are grumbling about the sacrifices they will have to make, but they are not likely to take up their pitchforks in revolt. They need only look across the border at the collective farms of East Germany to realize how much better off they are—even with foreign competition.

POLAND

In a Crooked Circle

One of Poland's most influential Communist authors has been sentenced to a year in prison. The charge: writing poison-pen letters to the regime's highest officials.

The scandal broke last fall when Premier Josef Cyrankiewicz, Politburo Member Edward Ochab and other top functionaries suddenly got a rash of Rabelaisian letters that mingled demands for greater intellectual freedom with obscene personal denunciations. Most of the letters, many of which were mimeographed, were mailed from the same Warsaw letter box, and police soon identified the sender: Novelist Jerzy Kornacki, 53, a protégé of the late Polish President, Boleslaw Bierut and author of several proletarian novels (the best known: *Hauling the Brick Carts*). He is also an active member of Warsaw's Crooked Circle Club, a group of several hundred artists, teachers and historians whose debates on current affairs constitute the only organized forum of free opinion permitted by the regime. Searching Kornacki's apartment, police found a meticulous diary of scores of conversations with prominent Communists reporting tales of personal and political duplicity that were news even to the cops.

Following his arrest, Kornacki was hustled off for psychiatric examination. Di-

agnosis: emotionally disturbed but fit to stand trial. Though the sentence was relatively mild, there are signs that the regime is clamping down on other intellectuals who have been demanding greater freedom of debate and inquiry. Recently the government stopped the press run after 7,000 copies had been printed, of a scathing novel, *The Divine Caesar*, by Jacek Bochenski, which bitterly attacked the Communist order under the guise of exposing ancient Roman tyranny. Muses the novelist's dictator: "Let's face it, Gaul has not been subjugated. The people want political reform. All the people want freedom and hate slavery." In case anybody missed the point, Author Bochenski described Caesar as a "bald playboy"—a clear allusion to the pater and personality of Premier Cyrankiewicz.

RUSSIA

The Molotov Mystery

Proclaimed scarcely three months ago, the coroner's verdict on Vyacheslav Molotov seemed final. "A political corpse!" shouted the chief of the Soviet secret police to the cheering delegates of the 22nd Party Congress. The public autopsy accused Old Stonebottom, for ten years Stalin's Foreign Minister, of complicity in Stalin's bloody purges and of plotting with Chinese and Albanian Communists against Khrushchev's current line of "peaceful coexistence" with capitalism. Denounced as a "bandit" and an "enemy of the party," Molotov, 71, was summoned back to Moscow from Vienna where for the past 14 months he had been the Soviet delegate to the International Atomic Energy Agency.* But instead of lying down and playing dead, Molotov last week stirred up the most intriguing Kremlin mystery in years.

Summoned to the Soviet Foreign Office, Western correspondents were amazed to learn from an official spokesman that after eight weeks in Moscow, Molotov was returning to his job in Vienna and was already en route by train. In reply to questions, the spokesman said blandly that Molotov had not been expelled from the party, had come home for vacation, and had "never retired" from the atomic energy post. But next day, when the Moscow-Vienna express, an hour late pulled into the Südbahnhof, Molotov was not aboard. Back at the Soviet Foreign Office in Moscow, the spokesman hastily explained that "personal reasons" had delayed Molotov's departure, but insisted that his assignment remained the same. By week's end Molotov still had not shown up in Vienna.

Assuming that Molotov was really re-



MOLOTOV & WIFE
The corpse was alive.

taining his post, Western experts had several possible explanations.

► He has something on Khrushchev, possibly (as one Vienna newspaper reported) a stack of documents, safely deposited in the West, detailing Khrushchev's own complicity in Stalin's actions.

► There is a strong Stalinist faction in the Kremlin that is protecting Molotov.

► Khrushchev is merely being shrewd enough to show magnanimity toward an aging foe, while at the same time avoiding a potentially embarrassing debate over his own political past.

As for the unusual delay in Molotov's departure, Moscow insisted merely that the Foreign Office had got the date mixed up. But Western skeptics interpreted the snarl as the second round of a serious disagreement in the Kremlin over Molotov's future. That he has any future at all is still doubtful.

Restive Husbands

Mikhail Zaitsev made a beautiful corpse. Propped in the coffin he had carved and painted himself, he wore his Sunday suit and an expression of noble serenity. Then, when the village photographer had finished taking his picture, Zaitsev leaped out and helped his neighbors down the generous supplies of vodka and cold cuts he had laid in for the wake. Next day, the neighbors mailed the funeral picture to his estranged wife in another village, explaining that Comrade Zaitsev had been electrocuted by a high-tension wire.

Like Zaitsev, whose sole aim was to dodge his alimony payments, many oppressed Russian husbands try to start life afresh with forged documents and new names. The Soviet press recently reported



CYRANKIEWICZ

CAESAR

The pate was familiar.

* Before his Vienna assignment, Molotov was Soviet Ambassador to Outer Mongolia from 1957 to 1960. In 1959 the Kremlin tried to make him ambassador to The Netherlands-Greece or Argentina, but all three governments refused to accept him because Molotov obviously did not enjoy the confidence of his own regime. While serving his Outer Mongolian exile, he offered further irony: his name was dropped from the latest Soviet encyclopedia.

► Arriving in Moscow from Vienna last November.



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the cases of three other tricksters, including a marital deadbeat named Nikolai Borinichuk who married four times in eight years and shuffled off his marital obligations each time by faking death; police are still looking for him.

Despite the Communists' rejection of "bourgeois morality" in the early revolutionary days, when divorcees could be had for the asking, marital laws in present-day Russia are at least as strict as in most Western countries, and divorce requires lengthy court action. In answer to a recent newspaper questionnaire, many young Russians said that they wanted divorce made easier, asked that divorce cases be handled not by the regular judiciary but by the recently established "comrades' courts," composed of ordinary citizens—so far used mostly to deal with juvenile delinquency and lighter cases of "antisocial behavior." While many Russians favor quickie divorces, others press for long, old-fashioned engagements and more romantic wedding ceremonies. To replace the pomp of church weddings, many Russian cities now have "wedding palaces," much like U.S. funeral parlors, where couples can find the music and atmosphere they miss in registry offices. Chief complaint: wedding palaces are so much in demand that their use is restricted to couples under 30 getting married for the first time.

If the ceremony tends to reflect socialist realism, actual marriage in Russia has come to resemble marital coexistence in capitalist countries. Asked to suggest ways to "liquidate the remnants of woman's inferior position in the home," a 27-year-old Moscow engineer protested that modern wives are no longer inferior. They make their husbands take the children to school and do the shopping, insist on eating in restaurants, send most of the laundry out and leave the rest "unwashed and unioned until there is nothing left to wear." Said he: "It will soon be a question of 'emancipating' men, not women!"

GREAT BRITAIN

Rebellion by the Rules

In the 301 years since Charles II organized the Post Office, Britain's blue-uniformed postmen have made their appointed rounds despite highwaymen, Hitler's bombs, and a maze of pettifoggish postal regulations that run into several thousand pages of fine type. Last week, by the trick of working strictly according to the rule book, British postal workers who want higher pay came close to strangling the Royal Mail in red tape.

Instead of double- or triple-parking mail trucks at railroad terminals, drivers waited obediently for curbside parking space—and missed the trains. Postmen were careful to take only the regulation 35-lb. load on their rounds. According to the rules, mail must be delivered only through the recipient's mailbox or handed to him personally; normally, if there is no mailbox, the postmen simply poke letters through a window or, if the recipient is

out, hand them to a neighbor. Now all mail that could not be left in a mailbox or delivered personally went straight back.

Disguised Strike. Letters and packages that were "incorrectly" addressed, in most cases because they failed to specify postal zones, were returned to senders or dumped at the dead-letter office. Britons who tried to phone instead of writing were equally frustrated; the post office operates the telephone system, and its switchboard operators conscientiously



PARCEL PILE-UP AT BRITISH STATION
Firmly bound in red tape.

handed only one call at a time, staying with it until the number answered "as per," instead of handling five or six simultaneously.

The disguised strike was organized by the Union of Post Office workers (170,000 members) in protest against the government's anti-inflationary ban on wage raises for public employees. Post office employees earn 3.5% less than industrial workers (a mailman averages \$50 weekly), but Postmaster General Reginald Bevins flatly refused an increase, offered only to study the subject. To make up for the slowdown, he ordered postal employees to work overtime, but it was like trying to melt a glacier. At Mount Pleasant, London's main sorting office, the backlog rose to 5,000,000 letters. Railway stations were swamped: in one shed alone at Euston, 100,000 mailbags waited four days to be picked up. The post office announced that it could not handle parcel post (except for hospitals and military units).

Without Good Will. Industries and mail-order stores organized their own makeshift postal services. Unhappy vic-

tims by far were a Yorkshire laborer, Len Darton, and Surrey Garage Hand Gabby Senecal, who both mailed in winning football pool coupons but failed to collect \$27,000 and \$75,000 because their entries were not delivered in time.

Emboldened by the postal workers' success, 30 other unions (total membership: 3,000,000) voted at week's end to stage a one-day walkout against the government's "pay pause." But the post office employees, in keeping with the dignified traditions of Britain's civil service, insisted to the last that their strategy did not constitute a slowdown strike. "What we are doing," explained a union official, "is merely withdrawing our good will."

SOUTH AFRICA

Honorary Whites

Under the rules of apartheid, Asians in South Africa for years have been subject to many of the same restrictions as the blacks. One law forbids their sex relations with whites; another forces them to live in nonwhite areas. They cannot buy liquor without a permit, are not allowed in white hotels and restaurants. But Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's racist regime began to have second thoughts about white supremacy as applied to Asians when, a few weeks ago, it contemplated a tempting \$250 million industrial contract with Japan.

Tokyo's Yawata Iron & Steel Co. offered to purchase 3,000,000 tons of South African pig iron over a ten-year period. With such a huge deal in the works, South Africa could hardly afford to insult the visiting Japanese trade delegations that now would regularly visit the country. Without hesitation, Pretoria's Group Areas Board announced that all Japanese henceforth would be considered white, at least for purposes of residence, and Johannesburg's city fathers decided that "in view of the trade agreements" they would open the municipal swimming pools to Japanese guests.

This seemed grossly unfair to South Africa's proud, little (7,000) community of Chinese, who, it seemed, would enjoy none of the new benefits granted the Japanese. "If anything, we are whiter in appearance than our Japanese friends," huffed one of Cape Town's leading Chinese businessmen. Demanded another indignantly: "Does this mean that the Japanese now that they are 'white,' cannot associate with us without running afoul of the Immorality Act?"

In Johannesburg the Chinese were slipping in on Japanese coattails, at least at the swimming pools. "It would be extremely difficult for our gatekeepers to distinguish between Chinese and Japanese," admitted the chairman of the city council's Health and Amenities Committee. But as for the broader question of Chinese color status, Verwoerd's government was making no promises. It all recalled Hermann Göring's retort in 1934 when told that a favorite Munich art dealer was a non-Aryan: "I shall decide who is a Jew around here."

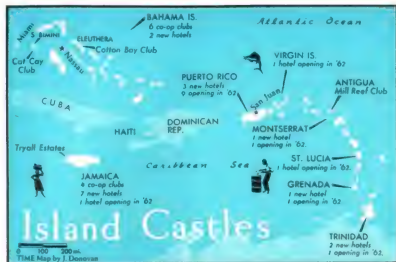
THE HEMISPHERE

THE CARIBBEAN Crowds in the Sun

Sweeping in from Lake Erie, a northern blizzard dumped 21 in. of snow on Buffalo, N.Y. Chicago was snowbound with 20 in. and in Atlanta the kiddies tried out their water skis on the real stuff. Even Florida's weather (48° in Miami) was "bracing." At New York's Idlewild Airport, a woman grimly tried to wangle a reservation to somewhere in the sun. "Young man," she muttered, "I'm going to get out of here if I have to ride a bicycle."

Maybe not by bicycle, but by boat and by plane, so many U.S. vacationers were heading south to the Caribbean's balmy isles that the forecast is for a record year—more than 1,000,000 tourists, who will spend perhaps \$200 million before they return home—sunbored all over and thinner in the pocketbook. Last week twelve cruise ships departed the East Coast southward bound. Another 12 cruises are scheduled by April 1, including the first Caribbean cruise by the U.S. *United States*, the world's fastest (33 knots) ocean liner and until now assigned to transatlantic runs. So heavy is the airline traffic that Eastern Airlines has added three jets daily to its flights serving Puerto Rico; Pan Am and BOAC both report their Caribbean business up as much as 25% over last season.

That Welcome Rustle. Last winter, with recession at home and Castro for a neighbor, many resorts had an off year. In 1962, Castro is not gone but seems less omnipresent. The recession is over, and



everyone hears the welcome rustle of tourist dollars. In the Bahamas, where the season is barely a month old, business is already 10% to 15% ahead of last year. Jamaica is jammed with a heavier-than-usual influx of sun seekers. Doing best of all is bustling Puerto Rico, which expects 125,000 visitors (v. 385,000 last season) and hardly knows where to put them all.

With three new hotels just opened, Puerto Rico's island commonwealth has nine more, worth \$15.4 million, abuilding. Most interesting addition, to be inaugurated this month: the \$1,000,000, 107-room El Convento in Old San Juan. Financed mainly by Dime-Store Heir Robert Frederick Woolworth, the hotel was built from the shell of an abandoned 155-year-old Roman Catholic convent combines modern conveniences (air conditioning, a swimming pool) with colonial charm (tape-tried rugs, four-poster beds). And since it qualifies under Puerto Rico's "Operation Serenity," with which Governor Luis Muñoz Marín hopes to match his "Operation Bootstrap" economic development with cultural preservation, the builders stand to get a ten-year tax forgiveness for helping to keep the island's historic atmosphere.

Like Puerto Rico, virtually every Caribbean sunspot is caught up in the rush to build new hotels and guest cottages (see map). In the Bahamas, the Sunshine Inn, a \$500,000-plus hotel built by Florida's Mackey Airlines, greeted its first guests last month on South Bimini Island. Two more hotels opened their glass doors last month in Jamaica. Even the British flyspeck of Montserrat (137 sq. mi.) has a new \$1,000,000 hostelry. Trinidad has a pair of new hotels, and the \$12 million "upside-down" Trinidad Hilton (built on a hillside, with the entrance on an upper floor) opens this year.

Broil in Private. In all the cement-pouring din, what of the well-to-do few who once had huge hunks of the Caribbean to themselves? They are still there, but in a new kind of resort away from the crowds where they can crawl off to their own undisturbed beach and broil in private peace. They frequently join in

cooperatives, started either by a millionaire real estate developer or by a group of friends who pool their money for property on which to build a cottage colony. And since the co-ops are strictly screened, the members can be as selective as they wish.

Prototype of the co-ops is the Mill Reef Club on isolated Antigua in the Leeward Islands. Opened in 1948 by U.S. Millionaire Robertson Ward, the club sprawls over 1,300 landscaped acres, has twelve sandy beaches, an 18-hole golf course. Membership (now closed) is rigidly screened to guarantee that openings do not go to just any old millionaire. Sixty-six members (among them: Francis du Pont) own winter homes on club property. With annual expenditures of \$500,000, the club is impoverished Antigua's biggest single source of income.

In the Bahamas (no personal property tax; no real estate tax; no income tax) dedicated golfers cluster around Eleuthera's sprawling Cotton Bay Club, where Pan American Airways' President Juan Trippe and friends have a magnificent sea-side golf course designed by Robert Trent Jones. Fishing buffs who yearn after marlin and giant tuna congregate at Cat Cay, which Ad Tycoon Louis R. Wasey has turned into a fishing paradise for himself, 13 fellow estate-men, and up to 36 approved paying guests. On a 4,000-acre islet called Lyford Cay in Nassau harbor, Canadian Financier Edward Munket Taylor has spent \$17 million providing a fitting setting for the homes of such notables as Henry Ford II and the Earl of Dudley.

Bullshot & Zebra Skins. The biggest center of cooperative seclusion is Jamaica's north shore, which has half a dozen new subdivisions where the clink of cocktail glasses is heard from morning bullshot to evening brandy. At the Tryall estates west of Montego Bay, an American couple who figure in the international set, Arthur W. Little Jr. and his wife Harriet, last year built a \$200,000 home that features a patio made of 100-year-old bricks. Peter Arno nudes in the master bathroom, and zebra skins from an African safari.

At Frenchman's Cove, on the other end of the island, Canadian Cookie Millionaire



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Facts & figures on North American Aviation (and its role in the aerospace industry during fiscal 1961)

North American Aviation produced record sales of \$1,262,333,263 during fiscal 1961.

This was an increase of 30% over 1960.

Net income after taxes amounted to \$27,750,137.

Backlog at the end of the fiscal year amounted to \$931 million. (This did not include contracts not yet funded.)

Employment reached more than 80,000 during the year.

More than 35% of this work force represents scientists, engineers, and technical personnel.

While achieving a record sales year, North American continued its wide diversification program. Two of the new projects undertaken during 1961 were the construction of a company-financed salt water conversion pilot plant and the introduction of a small-scale transistorized scientific computer.

The complete picture of North American's growth from an aircraft manufacturer to a diversified aerospace corporation is clearly seen in the following chart:

Fiscal Year	1954	1956	1958	1960	1961
Total Sales*	\$646	\$914	\$904	\$964	\$1,262
Aircraft Sales†	\$542	\$625	\$571	\$358	\$ 479
(% of Total)	84%	68%	63%	37%	38%
Non-Aircraft*	\$104	\$289	\$333	\$606	\$ 783
(% of Total)	16%	32%	37%	63%	62%

*In millions

While maintaining its leadership in advanced aircraft with the Mach 3 B-70 program, North American is advancing the new technology in many fields.

During 1961, North American's achievements included the rocket engines that put the first Americans into space... guidance and control system for the Minuteman ICBM... edge-of-space X-15 rocket ship... guidance system for nuclear-powered Polar submersibles... powerful engines that launched the Saturn space vehicle... the record-breaking A3J aircraft.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION

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At work in the fields of the future



THE WHITE SCAR OF AVALANCHE IN PERU
Everything vanished beneath a nightmare.

Grainger Weston has opened a homey variation on the prevailing theme: a cottage colony for the two-week visitor who has not yet made up his mind to build. Once he is accepted and has agreed to the bill (minimum: \$2,000 per couple), the guest's wish is Weston's command. "Week-end visits to other hotels, sightseeing by private plane, deep-sea fishing, champagne for breakfast—anything he wants is on the house," promises Weston, adding expectantly, "and his neighbor may be Prime Minister Macmillan." Or not.

PERU

Carpet of Death

The summer afternoon in Peru was unusually clear, and Dr. Leoncio Guzmán could see far up the spiny ridges to the mountain's snow-capped summit. "I saw a cloud forming and turning golden in the setting sun," he said. "When I saw that the cloud was actually flying downhill, I got into my car and drove as fast as I could to Ranrahirca, where my two children were guests at a birthday party. The distance I had to cover was only six miles, but when I got there, the town was already crumbling under the avalanche. I saw some children running out of the house where my two children were, and then everything went—vanished, like in a nightmare."

"Run! Run!" At the brink of Glacier 511, below the peak of Peru's highest (22,205 ft.) mountain, a block of ice the size of two Empire State Buildings had broken loose with an explosive crack and plunged down the mountainside into a funnel-like canyon above a cluster of eight villages around Ranrahirca (pop. 2,456, according to last July's census). As it tumbled, the ice mass smashed into house-sized chunks, knocked loose millions of tons of boulders and mud, and grew into one of the endless *huaycos* (landslides) that make life on Peru's

Andean slopes a thing of constant fear.

Above the town, a 60-year-old widow named Zoila Cristina Angel watched the *huayco's* passage. "I saw it sweep by like a river, carrying away one farmer after another. Voices called 'Run! Run!' but I could not run. I could not move. I could not speak. I just looked at that awful thing that came rushing at us like the end of the world." Luckily it passed her by.

It took the avalanche eight minutes to travel the twelve miles from the face of Glacier 511 to Ranrahirca. Then, like an unrolling carpet, 1½ miles wide and as much as 40 ft. thick, it blotted out the red-tiled roofs, orchards and unpaved streets of the town and its neighboring villages. "I don't know why I didn't go mad," said Ranrahirca's Mayor Alfonso Caballero, pointing to the plain of mud and ice that covered his town. "That is where our cathedral used to be. It was our tallest building."

"No Injured." Mayor Caballero was one of 68 citizens of Ranrahirca who survived; the rest were surely dead. President Kennedy offered whatever emergency aid Peru needed, but medicines and splints were of little use in a disaster that erased everything in its path. A doctor, flown in on an early rescue mission, reported that there was nothing for him to do: "There are no injured."

Measuring off the area of the slide on a map, Peru's Health Minister estimated that between 3,500 and 3,800 people had perished in history's fourth worst avalanche.* Only a few of the bodies will ever be recovered. The only way to get a more precise calculation of the death toll will be to take a new census of the area and subtract.

* In 1920, some 200,000 Chinese died in combination earthquakes and landslides in Kansu province; in 1916, 6,000 Austrian and Italian troops were killed in an avalanche on the Austro-Italian frontier; in 1941, 5,000 Peruvians died at Huayco, 10 miles from Ranrahirca.



Apartments with views like this abound in San Juan. Photograph by Tim Hayward.

Do executives take work home in Puerto Rico?

YES, executives do take work home in Puerto Rico. They have to. Business is booming.

You can judge the tempo of this lively Commonwealth by these statistics. Over 700 U. S. plants are flourishing. No fewer than sixty-two have expanded to *two or more* plants. Sperry Rand owns three. Parke-Davis and Union Carbide are at work on second plants. And to handle future needs, the

government has built a new million-kilowatt thermoelectric power station.

As you see, you'll be a busy man if you open a factory in Puerto Rico. But you will have an edge over hard-pressed executives in the States.

No morning race for the 8:15—your commuting is a peaceful fifteen-minute drive. The sun is still high when you get home. So is your energy. There's time for a dip before cocktails.

More hours to spend with your family.

And when you *must* do homework, emulate the executive you see here. It's amazing how the trade winds whisk the cobwebs from your brain.

As your next piece of homework, plan a little trip to Puerto Rico. See for yourself what it offers you as a plant site. And as a home.

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PEOPLE

At a banquet honoring the 70th birthday of the father who once wanted him to go into the beauty-parlor-supply business, the New York Philharmonic's **Leonard Bernstein**, 43, won bravos from 800 guests by re-creating a work he had played when he was 13 at his piano debut at Boston's Temple Mishkan Tefila. "At the time," recalled the protean composer-conductor, "I played variations of the song in the manner of Chopin, Liszt and Gershwin. Now I will play it in the manner of Bernstein." Then, as a proud Samuel Bernstein ("You don't expect your child to be a Moses, a Maimonides, a Leonard Bernstein") listened misty-eyed, Lenny launched into his own expanded version of a fragment of Jewish liturgical music entitled *Meditations on a Prayerful Theme My Father Sang in the Shower*.

In Hollywood's latest inn-fighting, fading Love Goddess **Rita Hayworth**, 43, and dour Cinemactor **Gary Merrill**, 46, chose the celebrity-crowded Au Petit Jean to exchange dialogue that would make longtime California Neighbor Henry Miller blush and that did in fact bring hysterical tears from their dinner companion, Rita's daughter (by the late Aly Khan), Princess Yasmin, 12. Soon bounced from the restaurant, the fractious couple were carted off in separate cars. Next day Rita, who has been capering on two continents with Gary ever since her fifth divorce last September, proclaimed that the Thirty Minutes' War was over. What about the romance? "Well," appraised she, "there was nothing on, really."

Famed for his allergy to photographers (he once doused one with a glass of water), Japan's irascible ex-Premier **Shigeru Yoshida** was stalked by a nervous

Tokyo cameraman assigned to catch him at the beginning of the New Year of the Tiger (the sign of the Oriental zodiac under which Yoshida was born almost 84 years ago). Unpredictable as ever, Japan's most durable postwar statesman welcomed his tormentor graciously, even brushed aside a retainer's horrified protests to pose on an appropriate hunting trophy.

To a question that once titillated San Francisco gossipists—which twin would get the toniest bachelor on Telegraph Hill?—came the answer last week, when Land Developer **John Fell Stevenson**, 25, youngest son of the U.S.'s U.N. ambassador, reached the moment of truth with Occasional Interior Decorator **Natalie Owings**, 22, the less bohemian of the sloe-eyed twin daughters of Architect Nat



NATALIE OWINGS
The moment of truth.

Owings. Said the prospective father-in-law, a co-founder of the Skidmore, Owings & Merrill architectural colossus: "I've never been either a Republican or a Democrat. But I've always been for Adlai."

Hard on the heels of Russia's promise of a nuclear reactor destined for the University of Ghana came the appointment of the school's first professor of nuclear physics: a Briton who has been 15 years away from the field. Recipient of the chair (among several earmarked for "distinguished scholars from all parts of the world"): **Alan Nunn May**, 51, who served six years and eight months for giving atomic secrets to the Russians.

Given two days to live when he was hospitalized just over a month ago with an ulcer and a heart attack, Britain's former Prime Minister **Earl Attlee**, 79, was well enough last week to return to his



EARL ATTLEE
The return of the war horse.

Buckinghamshire home. Although it was doubtful he could ever again face up to the lecture tours that in recent years have carried him from New York to New Delhi, the indestructible old Labor war horse was already making plans to get back to the House of Lords.

The world's leading press lord, Fleet Street's **Roy Thomson**, 67, firmly grasped a nettle. Confessed the Canadian-born Presbyterian (who once remarked, "It's against my religious principles to lose money") in a British TV interview: "I don't say it is any easier for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but I certainly think it is very unfair to say that it is easier for the poor man."

Contemptuously declaring that "the best punch of 1961 was the one Marlon Brando's wife hit him," onetime Light Heavyweight Champion **Billy Conn**, 44, offered a dissenting opinion on the perennial campaign to clean up boxing. Snorted Conn, now a prosperous Pittsburgh candy manufacturer, to Hearst Columnist Jimmy Cannon: "A prizefighter isn't an altar boy. They were all hoodlums when I came around. The fighters were hoodlums. The managers were hoodlums. Hoodlums managed the managers. That's the way it's got to be if fighters are going to be any good."

As dutiful Red wheelhorses busily demolished **Stalin** icons all the way from the Berlin Wall to the Great Wall of China, the Communist bosses of Czechoslovakia faced a special problem: what to do about the world's biggest remaining monument to the late Soviet dictator, a 96-ft-high statue that glowers out over the Moldau River. Their cautious but essentially hep solution: appointment of a committee to consider suggestions for "a new arrangement of the Stalin square" from "Prague's working population."



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Crash Landing at the Met

Any singer who has ever been buffeted by a Wagnerian orchestra knows that a performance of *Die Walküre* (four hours) calls for the constitution of a wild ox. At a *Walküre* performance last week at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera, some of the singers were in sub-ox condition; and before the final curtain fell, substitutes had shuttled on and off the stage in an evening of monumental confusion.

Soprano Birgit Nilsson, scheduled to sing the role of Brünnhilde, had to bow out the evening before the performance. General Manager Rudolf Bing gave the role to Soprano Margaret Harshaw, who was to have sung Sieglinde; into the Sieglinde role went Soprano Gladys Kuchta. One of the Valkyries, Mezzo Gladys Kriese, was ill with tracheitis; her part went to Mezzo Ethel Greene, regularly a member of the chorus.

Somehow, the opera got started on time. But in Act II, just when Baritone Otto Edelmann seemed to be booming along comfortably in the role of Wotan, his voice began to fail. Edelmann withdrew at the end of Act II. He was replaced by Baritone Randolph Symonette, who lasted on stage for only four minutes. "It seemed to me like four hours," said shaken Conductor Erich Leinsdorf, later. It was apparent to Leinsdorf that Symonette "could not get any music out of his throat." When Symonette finally croaked out the line "*Aus meinem Angesicht bist du verbannt!*" ("From my presence you are banished"). Leinsdorf ordered the curtain rung down.

Conductor Leinsdorf started again after a jump of ten pages in the score to cut out some of the more tortuous vocal passages, and Baritone Edelmann came on again as Wotan, in brighter voice after his rest. Happily, they all made it to the final curtain. "I felt like the pilot who decides on a crash landing," said Leinsdorf. "We made it without the plane going up in flames."

Preposterous Ant

Holding his champagne glass high, the haritone sang a warm and impassioned aria to the health of his mistress—an ant. He had scarcely finished when the restaurant proprietor brushed the mistress-ant from tablecloth to floor and stepped on it. The haritone dropped dead, the brasses blazed, and the audience swung into one of the liveliest musical brawls to erupt in Germany in years.

The occasion was a performance of Composer Peter Ronnefeld's four-act opera, *The Ant*. Spectators at the Düsseldorf Opera seemed to find no middle ground; they were either enraged or entranced by the generally cacophonous score and by the frankly libidinous libretto that provided space for an orgasmic ballet, a strip-tease and a recitative recounting of the early sexual exploits of a couple of convicts. Composer Ronnefeld, 26, who con-

ducted the orchestra, was greeted by a cat-eating of penny whistles from the top balcony. ("Idiots up there!" shouted Ronnefeld forces in other parts of the house.) Even a critic who admired Ronnefeld conceded that there was perhaps "a little too much theater" in *The Ant*.

The theatrical opera tells the story of Salvatore, a shabby, greying voice teacher who falls in love with Formica, a curvy voice student. Later, in a fit of jealousy, Salvatore strangles Formica at the peak of a coloratura run. In prison, the murderer's only companion is a queen ant that has flown in the window, and Salvatore comes



RONNEFELD (INSET) & SCENES FROM "THE ANT"
Higher reality with a six-legged mistress.

to believe that the ant is his dead beloved. After Salvatore's release, the action shifts to the cabaret where he sings his climactic aria (*Vivat Formica!*) before the ant dies beneath the proprietor's heel.

Preposterous as the story is, it gives Ronnefeld a fine chance to exercise his talent for musical satire; the score glitters with echoes of half a dozen composers, from Berg to Bartok, Carl Orff's cantata *Carmina Burana* is brilliantly parodied by an offstage male chorus singing a salty Latin text on the mating habits of ants; acidulous Stravinskian brasses turn up in Act III. The real wonder is that despite the borrowing Composer Ronnefeld's score has a character of its own—brash, melodramatic, full of rhythmic fire.

Dresden-born and the son of a viola player, Ronnefeld toured Germany in his teens as a concert pianist. Now chief conductor at the Bonn Stadttheater, he has written a handful of other compositions, but *The Ant* is both his first full-scale opera and his first work to attract wide attention. The boos it also attracts seem to Composer Ronnefeld merely "stupid." To people who read it correctly, he insists, his ant opera "introduces a higher reality."

years." His works have become notable for the variety of their instrumental colors, for their fresh, perky themes and in vigorous rhythms.

Because Sydeman believes that it is important to write chamber music before orchestral music ("You get to know all the fingerings, the sounds and ranges of the instruments and how they combine"), his longest instrumental work thus far is a 27-minute *Concert Piece for Chamber Orchestra*, actually a four-movement chamber symphony. Among his other chamber successes: *Seven Movements for Septet*, *Concerto da Camera for Violin and Chamber Ensemble*. As interpreted by the Orchestra of America last week, *Orchestral Abstractions* was jagged in profile, strong in rhythm and color, the solo instruments, particularly the brasses in the last movement, in fascinating juxtaposition with a curtain of translucent strings. The effect suggested flashes of pigment seen through swiftly running water.

Son of a Manhattan stockbroker, Composer Sydeman studied piano halfheartedly as a child, went to Duke to study business administration but got so involved with writing a college musical that he chucked business in favor of study at

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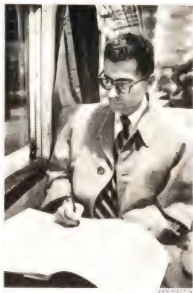


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SYDEMAN AT WORK
An explosion on the E-17.

Manhattan's Mannes College of Music. There he decided to become a composer. The work, he admits, does not pay as well as business administration. \$600 last year including commissions.*

Now a teacher of composition at Mannes, Sydeyan lives with his wife and two children in a Manhattan suburb. But he is thinking of moving farther out to increase his 40-minute commuting time. His reason: he does his best composing on trains. "If I'm in the studio I want to get out, but if I'm on the train I can just look out the window. After all, Mozart liked to write in a carriage."

Symphony for Socialism

For anybody except Communists to play Beethoven, says the East German magazine *Forum*, is "a serious provocation . . . To listen to Beethoven over RIAS [American Radio in Berlin] is to approve a rape which freezes the blood. *Forum* even claims that the jubilant *Ninth Symphony*, which Beethoven wrote in 1812, expressed "the hope that a unified German democratic republic would result from war."

Although the cultural commissars have just been converted to Beethoven, East German music lovers have steadfastly applauded him, but for different reasons: at a recent East Berlin Staatsoper performance of Beethoven's opera *Fidelio*, fans burst into applause after the Act I Freedom Chorus, stopped the show after Florestan's famous Act II aria, with its line "I boldly said the truth, and chains are my reward."

*Some older composers are better off—but not much. Veteran Henry Cowell, 64, the composer of 1,000 works, last week cowed that "I could live on what I make from music, but not as I care to live—and so I am a professor." Cowell's 1961 take from his music: \$4,500. He is reputedly one of the eight best-paid composers of serious music in the U.S.

MEDICINE

Flu Again

Among the unnumbered Americans who suffered last week from sniffles and fevers caused by a variety of viruses, tens of thousands had influenza. The outbreaks skipped across the map from Florida to Missouri and Illinois, over the Continental Divide to the southwestern mountain states, and up the Pacific Coast to remote island villages in Alaska.

So far, all the flu viruses isolated from selected patients and identified by complicated laboratory techniques have proved to be type B, instead of the Asian mutant of the type A group that caused the last notable epidemic two years ago. Though both virus types cause disease outbreaks in cycles, their peaks occur at different intervals and almost never coincide. Outbreaks of Asian, or A-2, flu (which has supplanted the older plain A and A-1, or "A prime") run in two- or three-year cycles; they may flare up again later this winter or wait until next. Type B flu runs in four- to six-year cycles. The U.S. has had none to speak of since 1955, so an outbreak was due this winter. The virus was ready and waiting. As a Public Health Service spokesman put it: "Type B virus was reported sporadically all through 1961—smoking away, rarely breaking out, but never extinguished."

"Herd Immunity." Bedside doctors say that there is no consistent difference between cases of flu caused by A and B viruses. Only in the laboratory can the offending particles be identified, by minute differences in the antibodies they provoke. But broad patterns appear. Type B is generally reported to be causing a milder than average illness, usually with four days of fever and malaise and four more days needed for recovery.

In the current outbreaks, most of the victims are children who escaped previous exposure to type B flu and lacked immunity. As a result, absenteeism in some areas has been high enough to force the closing of schools. But industrial absenteeism has been negligible. Said Washington State's Dr. Ernest A. Auer: "The disease has been so common in past years that there is a fair degree of herd immunity."

"Excess Deaths." But immunity is valid only against strains of flu previously contracted. So flu vaccine is a shotgun prescription containing three strains of type A and one of type B. It is rated 60%-75% effective against flu of any kind. PHS recommends vaccination for pregnant women, for diabetics, for all people over 65, and for those of any age with known disease of the heart, lungs, or kidneys.

Flu itself is rarely the direct cause of death, but it may damage the lungs so that pneumonia develops. In an already weakened patient, this may prove incurable. In plotting flu's ravages, PHS tallies all "excess deaths" above normal for the city and season in 108 U.S. cities, and

checks to see whether the peaks coincide with a rash of "influenza-pneumonia" entries on death certificates. So far, throughout the U.S., there have been few reports of such "excess deaths."

Cholera in the Philippines

"Today, no one should die of cholera," said the Philippines' Health Secretary Francisco Q. Duque last week. But, he added, a cholera epidemic now rages in 37 of the Philippines' 55 provinces. Out of more than 10,000 Filipinos stricken, 1,228 have died. Even with urgently needed international help, there will probably be many new cases for six months more.

An unusual combination of medical complexities and political maneuvering conspired to make the Philippines so vulnerable. A disease that is completely preventable (by keeping water and food free of contamination by sewage), cholera has been spreading throughout southeast Asia from Red China since last summer. An epidemic reached the Philippines last September. Elpidio Valencia, then Health Secretary, correctly identified it as "choleraform enteritis" caused by a vibrio (bacteria) called *El Tor*, which he less soundly defined as a "mild" form of cholera. A presidential campaign was in progress, and the regime of President Carlos P. Garcia was anxious to downplay any threat to the nation's health.

Pilgrim Stock. *El Tor* strains of cholera vibrios take their name from a Sinai Peninsula quarantine station where they were originally found in Mecca-bound Moslem pilgrims. The strains were long thought to be harmless, but recently they proved to be the cause of a deadly epidemic in Indonesia.

In the Philippines, *El Tor* spread a bit more slowly than typical cholera. Mass

inoculations might have helped, but government and antigovernment forces—burning with election fever, accused each other of cornering vaccine for their partisans. The government welcomed a U.S. Navy team of veteran cholera fighters from Formosa, but failed to use vigorously the weapon that the Navy men recommended: salt water. Cholera victims are weakened and killed by a catastrophic loss of body fluids through vomiting and diarrhea (as many as 15 quarts in a day); they can nearly always be saved by prompt, aggressive treatment, in which saline solution is given intravenously—sometimes with sodium bicarbonate. The Manila government did not get enough of the solutions or the equipment to administer them.

When new President Diosdado Macapagal took over Dec. 30, he intensified the anticholera campaign. New Health Secretary Duque put an end to the doubletalk about "choleraform" disease, attacked *El Tor* as vigorously as if it had been old-fashioned cholera. He sent saline solution to 1,300 rural health teams, put 27 ten-man vaccinating teams in the field. But it was too late to stop *El Tor*.

Balky Beneficiaries. Worst hit was the Moslem community on Mindanao around Lake Lanao. Villagers refused to stop drinking water from the lake and rivers into which they defecated, arguing "Why shouldn't I drink it, when my forefathers did and lived to be 90?" They balked at vaccinations, protesting that government health workers were "trying to inject Christian blood into our veins."

The Philippines have received donations of vaccine and lifesaving solutions from the U.S., Formosa and Hong Kong. Last week UNICEF raised a \$50,000 fund to pump more in. But for too many Filipinos the effort was too late. Said a foreign observer: "A terrible social and medical crime has been committed."



PHILIPPINES' HEALTH SECRETARY DUQUE (CENTER) IN CHOLERA ZONE
Why shouldn't I drink it, when my forefathers did and lived to be 90?

SHOW BUSINESS

BROADWAY

Immediate Seating

One durable canon of American folklore is that Broadway tickets are all but impossible to come by, that playgoers have to write for tickets months in advance, know influential people or pay scalpers' prices.

The truth is that most Broadway shows have long been as easy to attend as a movie; playgoers who merely drift up to the box office at curtain time can generally plunk down their money and walk right in. One night last week, for example, only three of Broadway's 20 shows were sold out by 7:30: *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, *The Night of the Iguana* and *Milk and Honey*. (Since the most publicized shows are the ones that nearly all out-of-town visitors want to see, the impossible-ticket myth has spread all over the U.S.) Tickets were available not only for long-running shows (*Camelot*, *Marv, Marv*) but also for new productions: *Ross*, *A Shot in the Dark*, *Gideon*, *A Man for All Seasons*, etc. It was not even necessary to hang around the box office for some purple-faced commuter to show up with salable tickets and the heartrending story that his wife had missed the train from New Canaan.

HOLLYWOOD

The President's Week

Last week was a busy one at the Beverly Hills address sometimes called the Clan's White House West. There President Frank Sinatra

► Got engaged.
► Joined battle with 50 neighbors over his right to establish a private heliport in his backyard.

The engagement was to Actress-Dancer Juliet Prowse, 25, the slim and beautiful South African whom Frankie met in 1959

when they were working together on *Come Fly With Me*. Since then she has often acted as hostess at his dinner parties, and has been his frequent if not constant companion. "I've had lots of dates with other men," Juliet said candidly last week. "Elvis Presley, for one. But Frank and I have always been mature about our romance. We don't go for this teen-age bit about going steady and all that jazz. Frank and I just enjoy each other."

For his part, Sinatra has been—as they say in the columns—linked with various women in recent months, including Dorothy Provine and Marilyn Monroe. But said he gallantly last week. "Juliet has been my one romance. She has accepted my proposal of marriage." At a quiet dinner at Romanoff's, he slipped a ring on Juliet's finger—"a beauty," friends reported, "not the usual Hollywood blockbuster." Unmarried since his 1957 divorce from Ava Gardner, Sinatra admitted "I'm a little shook." But, he concluded "I'm 46 now. It's time I settled down."

One thing he plans to settle down in is a helicopter—on the spacious lawn outside his home in pukka Coldwater Canyon. Some 25 of his neighbors turned up to protest at a hearing in the West Los Angeles city hall. "He's a nighttime person," said a neighbor. "Parties start in the middle of the night and you can hear them through the canyon. The neighbors wake up and spend an irate night. It hasn't been too bad lately, though. But can you imagine how a helicopter would sound taking off from here in the middle of the night?" Decision is pending, but the neighbors' case seems too strong to be denied. As another one put it: "The acoustics in the canyon are better than those of the Hollywood Bowl. There would be a definite noise problem. Every time Frankie spits, you can hear it down at our house."

Juliet may at last put a stop to that.



JULIET PROWSE & FRANK Sinatra
"Frank and I just enjoy each other."



NANCY KWAS & MAXIMILIAN SCHELL
"I feel like the Arolis."

The Other Schell

Advertisements for *Judgment at Nuremberg* line up the profiles of seven actors, overlapping one another like a hand of playing cards. From Spencer Tracy to Burt Lancaster, all but one are giant stars. The one face scarcely known to U.S. audiences is that of Maximilian Schell, 31-year-old brother of Maria Schell. But as the young defense attorney (a part that was sought by both Laurence Olivier and Frank Sinatra), Schell dominates the film and easily outdoes his more celebrated costars. He is going to become much better known as a performer of unusual excellence and also as a frank and outspoken actor-intellectual.

In *Nuremberg*, Schell's counsel for the defense is a brilliant young lawyer intent on lifting some of the guilt from German shoulders. Citing a precedent from U.S. law back at the U.S. judges, he snaps a book shut and announces in truncated accents that the opinion he had read was from "Oliver Wendell Holmes." His quick-flashing smile is no smile at all disappearing as swiftly as the sound of clicked heels. A young, black-haired, deep-eyed man with a jut jaw and a strong handsome face, he looks improbable in rimless glasses and courtroom robes. But he thoroughly commands the attention of both tribunal and audience. His performance is variously moving, impressive, terrifying and persuasive. For it he has just been named by the New York Film Critics the outstanding actor of 1961, and he will be a front-running candidate for an Oscar this spring.

Slightly Prostituted. *Judgment at Nuremberg* is Schell's second American film (he played a hobnail-minded Nazi officer in *The Young Lions*), and he has since completed two more; he is the German tutor in the film version of *Five Fingers Exercise*, and he plays the 17th century



David Nichol
Chicago Daily News

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Italian priest Joseph of Cupertino in *The Reluctant Saint*, both scheduled for release later this year. He is now in hot demand, and his next film will probably be Jean-Paul Sartre's *The Prisoners of Altona*, with Sophia Loren, to be directed by Vittorio De Sica.

Trained on the stages of Switzerland, Austria, France and Germany, educated at the universities of Munich and Zurich, Schell is more intellectual than actor. He intends later on to write and direct (he wrote his first play when he was ten). "Acting," he says, "is a little like prostitution. When you do a scene, it is a little like making love. I don't like to be watched while making love. Since you get paid for it, it is like a prostitute who sells love."

Max & Maria. Acting is partly "a matter of family," explains Max with disarming candor, since "in Germany we Schells are like the Barrymores were in the U.S." Born in Vienna in 1930, Max is the third of four children of Swiss Poet-Playwright Hermann Schell. His mother was an actress. His brother Karl has established a sound acting reputation on the Continent. His younger sister, now called Editha Nordberg, is developing as a European film star. And his older sister, Maria, of course, is the most celebrated Germanic actress since Marlene Dietrich. "Maria was and is my best friend," says Max. He has said that he would happily do a picture with her, provided "we would not play lovers, that our parts were equally strong, and that Maria got top billing." German friends suggest that Max was just being polite. Maria is reportedly wildly jealous of Max's rising fame, and Max well aware of her feelings, has told friends that the only time he wants to see her is at family reunions on Christmas Eve.

The versatile Max is a gifted pianist, athlete (in university soccer he was the European equivalent of an All-American) and linguist (he speaks five languages and learned English in two weeks for his role in *The Young Lions*). With a tendency to extemporize lines, he has been both the bad and golden boy of the German theater. He once published an article condemning all German theater directors as "muppet sadists." And four years ago, he caused a scandal in Berlin when he stopped cold in the middle of a performance and delivered a funeral oration for 15 German soldiers who had been drowned in a training accident that day.

He regards Hollywood with bemused disdain. "A town where you can't walk is uncivilized," he grumbles. But somehow he gets around. He is the constant companion of Nancy Kwan (*Sadie Hong*), with whom he swims and plays tennis. He has little to say for American women. "Already I have the feeling that every girl I meet is Kim Novak."

Beyond that, he resolutely refuses to discuss his private life. "I feel like the Arabs," he says. "They believe when you take a picture of someone, you take his soul away." Meanwhile, he is earning \$5,000 a week for having his picture taken at the rate of 24 frames a second.



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CINEMA

Oedipus in Flatbush

A View from the Bridge (Continental), like the drama by Arthur Miller from which it is adapted, is a grim and misguided attempt to make Panticular marble of Brooklyn brick; to find in the moral slime of a slum episode the ink in which to write Greek tragedy as it was written in the golden age. Inevitably, the attempt fails; but the failure is impressive. The



VALLONE & LAWRENCE IN "VIEW"
An impressive failure

film, perhaps even more vividly than the play, demonstrates the Gnostic precept that when the seven deadly sins are counted, there is still one more. Its name is Ignorance, and it is as quick as any other to send a soul to hell.

The tragedy transpires in a cold-water flat, where a decent, hard-working, stupid stevedore (Raf Vallone), an immigrant from Italy, lives happily with his dumpy wife (Maureen Stapleton) and a nubile 17-year-old niece (Carol Lawrence). While his niece was still a child, the stevedore loved her as a daughter. Now he desires her as a woman but he doesn't know it—partly because he is too stupid partly because he is too weak to face the truth. If he faced it, he would have to give up his unnatural attachment to the girl, and this he cannot bear to do. Like Oedipus, he commits (in attitude if not in act) incest through ignorance, and the penalty for incest, as all myths agree, is dissolution of the personality—sometimes in madness, sometimes in death.

Madness in the stevedore's mind takes the form of jealousy, and jealousy begins when his wife's cousins, fleeing famine in Sicily, enter the U.S. illegally, go to work on the docks, come to live in the stevedore's cold-water flat. One of the cousins is a sober married man (Raymond Pellegrin), but the other is a charming *giuvinotto* (Jean Sorel) who soon falls in love with the niece. Disturbed, the steve-

dore at first makes fun of the newcomer but the niece falls in love with the boy anyway. Desperate, the stevedore resorts to slander: "He marry you he gotta da right be American citizen." Indignantly the girl decides to marry the boy. At that the stevedore's obsession, like an elephant in a must, snaps the fraying tether of human feeling that restrains his frenzy. He betrays the boy and his brother to the immigration police. Too late the poor brute perceives that in betraying his friends he has betrayed himself, that in embracing the past he has forfeited the future, that in refusing to change he has agreed to die. He plunges a cargo hook into his own heart. "Why?" he gasps as he expires. "Why?"

Scene by scene the film is written—mostly by Playwright Miller; Scenarist Norman Rosten made few additions to the play—with clear intelligence and rude male force. In his direction, despite a tendency to get cute with the camera, Sidney Lumet often achieves a noble seriousness that makes the drama seem almost a rite—as is only appropriate: classic tragedy was the Dionysian counterpart of the Christian Mass. The actors without exception excel, but Actor Vallone beggars comparison. He is the gritty essence of stevedore. He looks like one of Michelangelo's *Captives*, half man, half rock.

For these reasons *View* is well worth looking at. Nevertheless, those who look will be fundamentally disappointed because Playwright Miller has fundamentally misused his materials. Greek tragedy, which Miller admittedly set out to imitate, is centrally concerned with the nature and task of the hero. As the Greeks conceived him, the hero was a personification of what is specifically human in mankind, and his task was to discriminate and defend what is human from what is not to overcome the animal nature (personified by Sophocles as the Sphinx) that primordially dominates the human spirit. But in Miller's hero there is nothing specifically human; he is an animal who never for an instant dreams of overcoming his animal nature. Therefore, he is not a tragic hero but a pathetic creature. He is an ape, and Playwright Miller does not dignify the species by attiring him in figurative mask and buskin. After awhile indeed, the ape begins to look sort of silly—like Oedipus in a gorilla suit.

Alec's Irish Roz

A Majority of One (Warner), A Jewish comedian once remarked that Jewish humor is universal; it can be understood in all five boroughs of New York City. This Jewish situation comedy is a case in point. It was one of Broadway's top dollars for 16 months (1959-60), but as a movie it will surely seem a little alien to an average goy west of the Hudson. Nevertheless, to those with a taste for such things, *Majority* will come as a warm though slightly soggy glass of sentiment.

Like the play, a too-cute intercontinent-

tal switch on *Abbie's Irish Rose*, the film tells the story of Bertha Jacoby (Rosalind Russell), an elderly Jewish widow from Brooklyn who takes a trip to Japan. On the boat Bertha meets Koichi Asano (Sir Alec Guinness), a Japanese textile tycoon who has "also had a cup!" as Bertha sympathetically puts it—he lost two children in the war, and his wife died not long after Bertha's Sam passed away ("effective in business to the last"). What's more, the poor man has a cold. Oy vey! Bertha rushes to the rescue with handy home remedies: "Soap and water and stewed prunes, and you should gaggle vit hodt water and peroxide."

How can a lonely old millionaire resist? He invites her to his house in Tokyo for mint tea—"Mm," she says appreciatively, "tastes like hodt possey!"—and proposes marriage. Bertha at first demurs, but later Koichi turns up in Brooklyn, and at the end it looks as if Bertha has acquired a samurai to take the place of Sam.

Majority is much too long (2 hr. 20 min. 30 sec.), and it lacks the kindly, take-a-piece-of-fruit intimacy of the play. But Actor Guinness breaks out a sensational Tokyo brogue ("Prease free free to use my country crub") and contrives to seem charmingly inscrutable behind the craziest set of epicurean folds any actor was ever pasted to—they look like two fat little patties of ravioli hanging from his eyebrows. Actress Russell, humped up and hipped out till she resembles a superannuated ostrich, encompasses quite without caricature the standard repertoire of Jewish gesture—the delicately deprecating shrug that says: I don't mean to offend, but a fact is a fact; the vigorous extension of the hands, chest high and palms up, that means: you got problems? I got problems. What Actress Russell fails to reproduce is the special warmth of Jewish motherhood, the Old-Testament intensity of devotion. She has done a skillful piece of work, but it takes more than skill to turn Auntie Mame into Molly Goldberg.



RUSSELL & GUINNESS IN "MAJORITY"
A warm though saaggy knish.

RELIGION

Concatenation of Calamities

Just outside New Delhi, in low bamboo enclosures paved with dried cow dung, 100 Hindu pundits and priests have gathered this month to recite the Vedic prayer *Gayatri* 10 million times. Night and day, squatting under TV lights beside shrines and ceremonial fires that they feed with the liquid butter called ghee, they raise their voices, powerfully amplified by loudspeakers, to the circling planets above. For according to India's astrologers, under the conjunction of the planets due early next month, the earth will be

of an East-West nuclear test competition that should lead to war by 1970. The astrologers of Nepal foresee more immediate consequences. Mani Prasad Tiwari predicts political changes in China, possibly a revolt in Nepal, natural disasters in Russia, and "civil disturbances" somewhere southwest of Washington, D.C. Nepalese Field Marshal Kaiser Shumsher Jung Bahadur Rana, an amateur astrologer, expects at least an earthquake near by, and foresees another disturbing possibility: "I would not be surprised if this heralds the coming of a new age in which women will have more rights."



HINDU SADHUS PRAYING AT SHRINE. They hope to mitigate February's disaster.

shattered by quakes, floods, air crashes, revolutions and wars, in what could be the worst concatenation of calamities in the last 1,000 years. At best, the prayers will only mitigate the situation.

Into Conjunction. In Hindu astrology there are nine planets: Saturn, Mars, Jupiter, Mercury, Venus, the sun, the moon, and the moon in its ascending and descending nodes. In their orbital paths, two or more of the planets occasionally conjoin, meaning that an imaginary line from earth into space would intersect them. But rarely are five planets conjoined; and a conjunction of five planets and the sun (which will simultaneously be eclipsed by the moon) will take place at 5:47 p.m. Indian time on Feb. 3 (7:17 a.m. E.S.T.). Moreover astrologers note that this zodiacal rarity will happen in Capricorn, one of the "unfavorable" signs of the heavens.*

Indian Astrologer Acharya Keshav Dev predicts that Feb. 3 will be the beginning

"Makers of Destiny." Indian leaders have scoffed at all the talk of doom, and Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru has twice said publicly that the conjunction of planets will not affect him. "Don't be panicky about these predictions," he said. "We are the makers of our own destiny." But the man in the street of Nepal and India is not so sure. Business on the New Delhi stock exchange has slowed down as big investors who buy and sell according to the advice of their astrologers have been told to play it safe for a few weeks. The people of Katmandu have built straw huts on the city's parade ground and propose to spend the night of Feb. 3 there to avoid being trapped in earthquake-topped houses.

Indians know the stargazers have not always been wrong. In January 1934, there was a conjunction of seven planets just before the great Bihar earthquake destroyed 13 Indian and Nepalese cities and killed 10,000 people. Seven planets also came together in 1102 B.C.—the year of the Mahabharata war, which the old Hindu epics say brought bloody death to millions of Indians and, with their deaths, the end of an age.

His Due

The cleverest wife of Satan is to convince us that he does not exist.

—Baudelaire

The catechism of the Church of England begins with the question: "What did your godparents promise for you at your Baptism?" Over the centuries, millions of tiny Anglicans preparing for Confirmation have lisped and stammered out the awesome answer that begins: "I would renounce the Devil and all his works." A year ago, in a proposed revision of the catechism, the Anglican Archbishops' Commission struck out all mention of Satan. Young believers, the draft suggested, should merely "renounce all that is wrong and fight against evil."

Dropping the Devil was part of the archbishops' effort to keep up with the times. Christ mentioned "the prince of demons," and all the great Christian theologians have considered Satan the personification of evil. But now, even some devout Christians think of the Devil as a figure of superstition, or a comic literary fancy. In a 1957 Gallup poll of Britons 20 years old or more, 78% said that they believed in God, while only 34% believed in Satan.

But the Devil will return to Anglican lips. After receiving more than 250 complaints, the commission has submitted another version of the catechismal phrase, which will probably be approved by a convocation of Anglican bishops this week. The new answer: "I would renounce the Devil and fight against evil." Admitted one of the catechism's writers: "The word 'devil' gives the people a better idea of what they're up against."

Salesmen-Saints

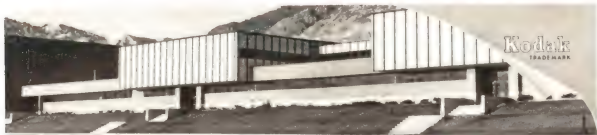
Man's time on earth is running out. Missionary leaders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints concluded at a convention six months ago. They resolved to make a last big push for conversions. By year's end the Mormons[®] claimed 90,000 baptisms worldwide, nearly double the total for 1960. And the most notable Mormon success came in a country rarely thought of as mission territory: Great Britain, where T. (for Thomas) Bowring Woodbury, V, 53, is mission president.

Last week brisk, plump "By" Woodbury was happily adding up the visible evidence of progress made in 1961. His mission helpers had made more than 13,500 baptisms. In the last six months, Britain's Mormons have broken ground for 24 new churches, and they plan to start on 26 more by July. Says Woodbury, who expects his church to baptize 30,000 converts next year: "We are planting a fertile harvest for the Lord."

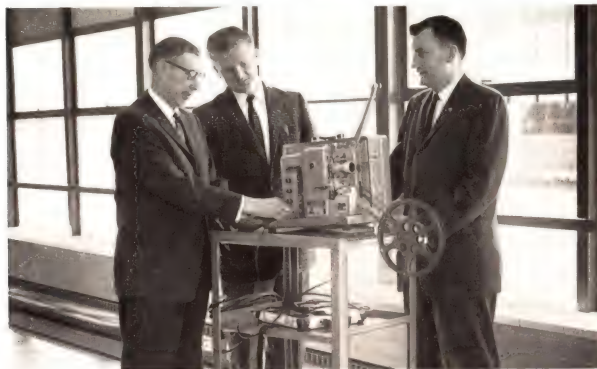
The Saints have been cultivating souls

* Who now number 1,400,000 in the U.S., 1,800,000 in the world, last week New York State's Mormons announced that they would build a new headquarters: a 30- to 40-story skyscraper on 45th Street in Manhattan. It will have a chapel, an information center, an auditorium, and office space to lease to businesses.

† Astrology divides the zodiac (the central band of the heavens that contains the paths of the sun, moon and planets) longitudinally into twelve successive parts, each named, like Capricorn, for the most notable constellation in it.



The new Mount Ogden Junior High School, Ogden, Utah, selected by A.A.S.A. for its exhibit of outstanding school designs.



"We feel Audio-Visual teaching is vital for Utah's most important crop...youngsters,"

says Dr. T. O. Smith, Superintendent of this striking Mount Ogden Junior High School.

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BY & BUBBLES WOODBURY IN LONDON
"Have Baptism, Will Travel."

in Britain for more than a century. In 1837, Mormon Founder Joseph Smith dispatched seven missionaries to England—a venture that possibly saved the church from extinction. Working with the zeal of early Christians, the Mormons made 77,000 converts in two decades, sent most of their newly baptized off as emigrants to the U.S., where they were needed for the pioneer job of settling Utah. But by the turn of the century, conversions in Britain numbered only about 300 a year, and things stayed that way until By Woodbury came to England in 1958.

Dances & Planes. Born to a family that helped Brigham Young colonize Salt Lake City, Woodbury has been a dance band leader, real estate salesman, maker of light planes and then of lawnmowers (Wichita's Aircapital Manufacturers, Inc.). Woodbury served three years overseas as a missionary before attending college, but because of his devotion to church affairs in later life, he received a rare second "call" to return to mission work. In England, he took over a mission that had only 10,000 members, a scattering of rundown churches, 160 proselytizers. Woodbury called for more missionaries from Salt Lake City, pioneered a cram course in Mormon dogma that reduced the prebaptism indoctrination time from weeks to days. To spur hard-working missionaries toward greater efforts, Woodbury coined football-style "yells" and such upbeat slogans as "Have Baptism, Will Travel." Mormons who exceeded their quotas of baptisms were allowed into an "Extra Mile Club," honored at hearty dinners given by Woodbury and his wife Beulah, 48, whom he calls "Bubbles."

Woodbury's missionary force now numbers more than 900 "elders"—most of them earnest young (average age: 21) volunteers from the U.S. who, like all Mormon missionaries, receive no pay. Going out in pairs, the youthful Mormons

are equipped with street maps, "conversion kits" and tape-recorded sermons, and are taught standard techniques for giving "home sacrament demonstrations." Explains Elder David Stewart Romney, 22: "We just ring doorbells and say we are Mormon missionaries." Moving into a new town, Mormons also try to organize baseball teams for children, as an avenue to their parents. "We get the kids playing baseball," says Romney. "We get the grownups talking about God and religion."

Selflessness & Zeal. Woodbury's ascetic missionaries—they neither smoke nor drink tea, coffee or liquor—are generally admired by rival churchmen for their selflessness and zeal. British clergymen are less keen on Woodbury's hard-sell style of making converts. Last year the Church of England assembly labeled Mormon missionaries "undesirables," and the Anglican student chaplain at the University of Durham recently criticized the "well-meant but overzealous attempts of overzealous Mormon missionaries."

Woodbury shrugs off the attacks, and so do his superiors back home in Salt Lake City. "By Woodbury is a great leader," says Missions Director Henry Moyle. What animosity there is seems likely to wane. This week, as Woodbury rounds out his three-year tour of duty, a new president with a flair for church diplomacy is on his way to London: Marion Duff Hanks, 40, who has been working full time on Mormon business as one of the church's 38 "General Authorities." Hanks plans a somewhat softer sell.

Catholic View of J.F.K.

Has John Fitzgerald Kennedy lived up to the hopes of fellow Catholics during his first year as President? A heavily hedged yes is the answer of the weighty Jesuit magazine *America* (circ. 53,573). President Kennedy has conducted himself, wrote Father Thurston Davis, S.J., *America's* editor in chief, "more or less as almost any Catholic President might have been expected to conduct himself in a land largely dominated by a strong residual Protestant tradition."

Graham Is Golden. U.S. Catholics, Father Davis said, asked of Kennedy only that he work hard at the presidency—"and he has certainly not disappointed anyone in this respect." They knew well that "for understandable political reasons" Kennedy would not emphasize his Catholicism, and indeed he has not. A photograph of the President with a cardinal "would cost Mr. Kennedy 10,000 votes in the Bible belt in 1964," whereas pictures of him with Billy Graham "are pure 14-carat gold, to be laid away at five percent interest till the day of reckoning in 1964." This kind of poll-watching calculation, Father Davis argues, may not be very courageous, but Catholics generally "are not troubled" by the President's careful stepping across "so many fragile Protestant eggs."

What does irk them is Kennedy's firm

—A nephew of American Motors President George Romney, who also has a son Scott, 20, serving in Britain.

opposition to federal aid for private and church-run schools. Most Catholics feel that Kennedy's refusal to support federal aid for private schools places "harsh economic sanctions upon millions of parents who, in the exercise of their religious liberty, choose to educate their children in parochial schools. . . ." Catholics, concludes Father Davis, can understand why Kennedy might not show up to review a St. Patrick's Day parade, but they cannot understand and countenance "a positive act of discrimination."

"Persecution Complex." Widely reprinted, *America's* knuckle-rapping editorial criticism of the President brought some Protestants to Kennedy's defense. Said Dr. E. S. James of Dallas, editor of the *Baptist Standard*: "I have every confidence in his sincerity, but I am annoyed with the Catholic hierarchy for the pressure it has exerted on him on behalf of federal aid to parochial education." Dr. Emanuel Carlson, executive director of the Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs, suggested that *America* displayed a "persecution complex" on the subject of parochial schools.

Some Catholics seemed to agree. "The *America* editorial," said one priest in San Francisco, "sounds like the little boy who didn't get his way, so he says, 'Now you must do this for me.' The sole objection advanced only serves to emphasize what a 'good Catholic' Kennedy is."

Reviews

January 13, 1962

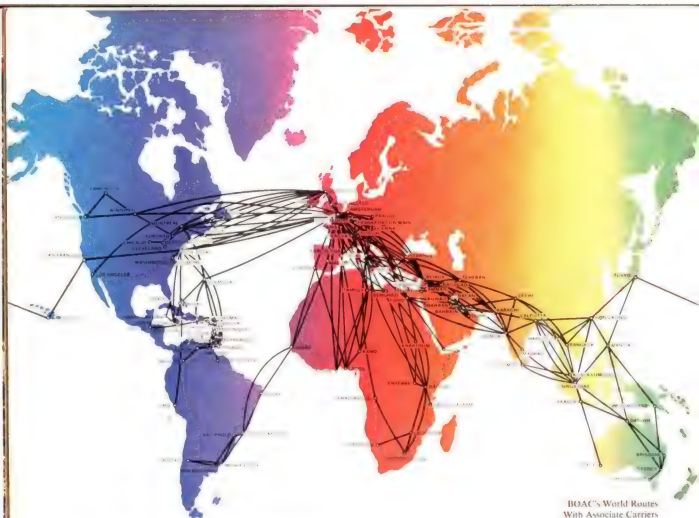


KENNEDY ON COVER OF "AMERICA"
For understandable political reasons.

for the merits of the Catholic school claims for public assistance are not recognized by a large segment of the Catholic public." Historian Edward Gargan of Chicago's Loyola University, dismissed school aid as "an ephemeral issue." Said he: "To many Catholics, the question of federal aid is a minor issue compared to the great questions of medical aid for the aged or atomic warfare. Most Catholics, like people of conscience generally, want the President to concentrate on these great issues."



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OUTBOARD MARINE'S NEW HULL

MODERN LIVING

Boats Ahoy

American boatniks, now 7,000,000 strong, have two great compulsions: to get out on the water, and to trade their boats in for something bigger and better. This week in Manhattan, rag-haulers and stinkpoters thronged the New York Coliseum to see the bigger and better at the 22nd National Motor Boat Show.

Predictably, the trend is to luxury and gadgetry. Small runabouts with rakish lines, chrome fittings, and decorator-styled upholstery look more and more like cars promising to attract diffident women-folk. Ocean-going yachts sport bulkhead-to-bulkhead carpeting and baby blue staterooms. New compact radar sets depth-sounders and other electronic gear cram the cockpits. Pushbutton winches eliminate the need to "weigh" anchor. Hot-water heating, cold-water cooling, sea-water evaporators and adapters for turning iceboxes into electric refrigerators lure the boat owner. Apparently it takes a heap of gadgets to make a boat a home.

For the orthodox, there was some relief in the discovery that many boatmakers are still building hulls of wood, although fiber glass and aluminum are still gaining. Top eye-catchers in the show:

► Most expensive boat is Stephens' 50-ft. twin-diesel yacht, which sleeps ten, has two heads and a shower, and an all-electric galley. Price: \$100,872.

► Fallout protection is an extra amenity claimed for Wheeler's otherwise conventional 43-ft. motor yacht. It has a pump-and-filter system that allows fallout-safe operation for eight to twelve hours; the makers provide enough fuel capacity (300 gal.) to enable a surviving skipper to head for uncontaminated waters. Price about \$45,000.

► Biggest sailboat in the show is Pearson's fiber-glass sloop, the Alberg 35. It has a 30-h.p. auxiliary engine, a 10-ft. beam, draws 5 ft. Price: \$18,885.

► Outstanding design departure is a 17-

ft. reinforced-plastic motorboat by Outboard Marine. It has a three-keeled hull which, say the manufacturers, reduces pounding at high speeds. Like a number of other boats in the show, Outboard Marine is equipped with an inboard-outboard (80 h.p.) engine, a style that is increasing in popularity. This design allows for use of the more efficient and convenient in-line inboard engine, and at the same time provides the advantage of an outboard drive, i.e., allowing the propeller to be raised for shallow channels and for beaching. Price: \$3,640.

► A small jet-propulsion unit for planing hulls up to 22 ft. in length is Aerojet-General's Hydrorocket. This device scoops water through an intake duct and feeds it into an engine-driven impeller. Centrifugal force shoots the water through perforations in the impeller at high speed driving the boat forward. Aerojet-General claims speeds of 40 m.p.h. for an 18-ft. hull. Price: \$400 to \$750.

► Biggest news for sailors is Ratsey's refinement of the holed spinnaker, the Centuri. The sail has a series of horizontal

slots across its top half. The breeze flowing through the slots shoots downward, thus by counteraction pushing the sail itself upward and providing extra lift. According to Designer George Ratsey, the slots also operate to reduce the "knock-down" or heeling effect on close reaches. Price: 25% higher than conventional spinnakers.

THE HOME

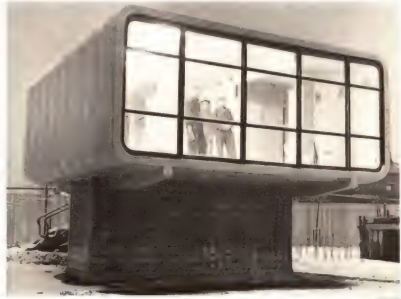
Late Late Showplace

To Russians long resigned to the cramped quarters of Soviet collective living, the thing was a dazzling mirage. There, on a fenced-in lot in Leningrad's Viborg district, was a new model home designed for four and packed with capitalistic features.

Made entirely of plastics from outer walls to the furniture and draperies inside the house can be assembled (if it ever reaches the mass-production stage) in a day and a half to form a big box with glassed-in ends. Perched on a concrete pedestal 6 ft. off the ground, the whole thing resembles nothing so much as a huge television set. The glass in the picture windows is specially treated to let in ultraviolet rays so that on sunny days the occupants can indulge in the Russian penchant for midwinter sunbathing. Looking in on such a scene, passers-by might well wonder what channel *that* show was coming in on.

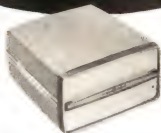
Designed by three young Lenproiect workshop architects, the giant-screen bungalow boasts such innovations (for Russia) as built-in clothes closets, dressers and cupboards, plastic plumbing and *fantastico!*—central air conditioning.

But Russians long ago learned that there is a big difference between what they see displayed in show windows and what they can actually buy. Nikita Khrush-



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the **Voice of Music**

she've had promised every Russian citizen an average 97 sq. ft. of living space by 1970 (vs. the present 75 sq. ft.*), and the new house's 430 sq. ft. for four people would more than fill the bill. But would the Soviet authorities divert enough materials and labor to produce the new house in quantity? Even as they queued up in the snow to inspect it last week, Russians were aware that except for a few top bureaucrats, the mirage would probably remain more dream than house.

GADGETS

Burble & Squeak

Ever since highway patrolmen started using radar to trap speedsters shortly after World War II, U.S. motorists have been searching for ways to beat the electronic rap. With misguided ingenuity, hot-rodders packed hub-caps with uranium ore or loaded them with steel balls; they sprayed the fan blades with aluminum paint, dangled static chains from rear bumpers, festooned their radio aerials with strips of aluminum foil. But nothing seemed to foil highway radar, and latter-day Barney Oldfields continued to be hauled in like herring in a net, whining "Unfair!"

Then came "Radar Sentry," a device designed to give early warning of radar traps. Resembling a miniature radio, Radar Sentry costs \$40, is attached to sun visor or dashboard, and warns of an impending checkpoint by giving out a cheery burble that turns into an insistent squeak once the radar zone has been entered. At high speeds, Radar Sentry is almost useless; there just isn't time to slow down before police radar has tracked the car's telltale blip. But at speeds in the lower 60s, the gadget is a fairly faithful watchbird within 100 ft. of the radar installation. Radar Sentries are being turned out at a clip of 200 to 500 a day by Radatron, Inc. in North Tonawanda, N.Y., and the company claims to have sold 25,000 Sentries in the last six months.

Faced with this transistorized stool pigeon, highway patrols are taking alarm, crying "Foul!" The city of Chicago, the District of Columbia and the state of Connecticut have banned Radar Sentry. Other states take some comfort from the fact that Radar Sentry is erratic; in informal tests, New York experts found that even diathermy machines and neon lights can trigger its squeal. But if the gadget continues to sell, many states will consider banning it. Says New York State Motor Vehicle Commissioner William S. Huitts: "It would seem more appropriate to educate the public in the advisability of obeying the speed limits rather than trying to sell them devices which would encourage them to disobey them." Retorts Radatron's General Manager William Waytena piously: "In many cities radio stations broadcast where and when the police are using radar. Our device merely supplements this information and alerts the driver to be careful."

Love Letters to Rambler



Quentin Shortes

Missionary along the Pacific coastline in Guatemala, Quentin Shortes has just completed his second year with a Rambler Station Wagon.

The last 30,000 miles were "where no car should have gone," he writes:

"MOUNTAINS, JUNGLES—NO CAR COULD TAKE IT AS RAMBLER HAS!"

"Traveling over tropical roads that can hardly be called roads, the undercarriage is dented where I've hit stumps and rocks. Only expense one tune up, one set of points, one brake adjustment. I've had three other cars here over 12 years. Never one that would take it—from cool mountains to scorching jungles—as my Rambler has. No rattles. Thank you for this fine vehicle."

Others may copy Rambler size, but none can match Rambler trouble-free quality, 102 improvements for 1962, without loss of price on all models lowest prices in the U.S. make Rambler an obviously better value in product and price. See your dealer. Take a Discovery Drive.



NEWS NEWS!

What is news? Webster says simply that it is "matter of interest," a definition at once prosaic yet broad. News, Webster might have added, is also reflection—clear second thoughts on current history. News is also relative. The impact of one event is invariably shaped by the force of others.



the Weekly Newsmagazine

Wintertime Special: Excitement on the Ice



Girl Watching is becoming a favorite male winter sport, thanks to provocative new ski wear that adorns the slopes. *LIFE* takes you on a fun-filled research trip with two veteran girl watchers, and explains the "stringent" rules of their game.



Fishhouses, shacks on runners that can be dragged out on a frozen lake to protect the winter fisherman, are turning a still hardly venture into a family affair. Don't miss Paul O'Neil's warning report on a chilling sport, *The Complaint Ice Angler*.



Iceboating, fastest of all winter sports, is also among the fastest growing. *LIFE* shows why in 10 color pages that catch the bright sails and blinding, 100 mph speed of a dangerous sport. This week's issue also has special reports on ski fashions, figure skating, kids' hockey.

LIFE

OUT TODAY in the new issue of

ART



LITHOGRAPHER SENEFELDER

The Sorcery of the Stone

There has always been about lithography a touch of sorcery, and perhaps no man has ever described this more succinctly than Goethe in 1823. Shown some lithographs of a poem he had jotted down only an hour before, he wrote in astonishment, "This is my handwriting—and yet it isn't." Though a form of reproduction, the lithograph retains all the life and spontaneity of the artist's original design.

Last week, in a glass-covered court, and adjoining gallery of the Bavarian State Graphic Collection, originally designed by Adolf Hitler himself as an annex to the Nazi Brown House, one of the most comprehensive lithograph exhibitions ever assembled opened in Munich. There were Munchs and Noldes, Daumiers and Lautrecs, Chagalls and Picassos. But the real star of the show was one of Munich's own sons. His works are a bit clumsy, and he was not really much of an artist, Johann Nepomuk Franz Aloys Senefelder, born in 1771, was lithography's inventor.

How to Make 20 Copies. Senefelder started out to be a playwright; his first play was called *Der Mädchenkennner* (The Man Who Knew Girls), and he played the lead with lousy success. Other plays followed, and they presented the author with a problem. Each script needed at least 20 copies—too few to warrant the expense of a printer, too many to copy by hand.

Senefelder was familiar with etching, but etching a whole script on copper plates would take too much time. One day, his mother asked him to make a list of some laundry she was about to send out. Almost without thinking, Senefelder wrote the list on a flat piece of limestone

that had come from the quarries of Solnhofen. He used an etching crayon of wax, soap and lamplack—and got the idea that he might cover the stone with acid that would eat away the part of the surface not protected by the crayon. It worked, but in the traditional way of relief printing. At length, it occurred to Senefelder that he could get a transferable design on his stone without having to eat the stone away with acid. After applying his wax crayon, he wet the stone with a mixture of water and gum arabic, and then covered the surface with ink. The water-resistant crayon markings took the ink, but the moisture elsewhere repelled it. Senefelder could now transfer his design to paper in a simple hand press, though the wetting and inking had to be repeated for each lithograph made.

To Lose a Fortune. Senefelder gave up playwrighting to devote himself to his invention. The King of Bavaria gave him a patent, but Senefelder decided to go after greater profits in London. There, unhappily, he tried for a £3,000 prize donated by George III for a design for a dirigible. He failed to win the prize, sold his lithography patent for a pittance, and left for Vienna. He promptly ran afoul of the Viennese authorities by boasting that he had discovered a way of lithographing bank notes. He went home to Munich only to find that his brothers, to whom he had entrusted his business, had no intention of giving it back. He died at the age of 63, practically penniless.

In his *Complete Handbook of Stone Printing*, he told all his secrets, and thus, just as Gutenberg fathered the great industry of printing from type, Senefelder gave the world the basic process widely used in offset printing (though now usually from zinc plates rather than stone). But beyond its commercial uses, the lithograph has been especially dear to the artist. Through this medium, he can spread his message wide and yet know that no matter how many copies are made, each lithograph will retain his personal touch.

Painter in Paper

The paintings on view at Manhattan's Downtown Gallery last week seemed to be composed of gossamer and mist. Their surfaces looked as if they could be disarranged by a breath. But paradoxically it is this look of fragility that gives the work of Honolulu artist Tseng Yu-ho its subtle strength.

The colors are soft, as if from a filtered rainbow; but they are not anemic. The images are often hazy, but this makes them all the more suggestive. The shredded and flat pieces of paper that the artist uses are among the most perishable of materials; but that only adds to the delicacy of the whole. Painter Tseng makes her impact not with flat statements, but by dropping gentle hints. "A little bit of thread," she says, "can express power as well as a large boulder."

A Peking Education. Tseng Yu-ho (her American friends call her Betty) was born in Peking in 1923, the daughter of a Chi-

nese admiral. She decided on her career at the age of twelve, when a severe attack of pleurisy kept her in bed for a year and her chief recreation was to paint. She studied at Peking's Roman Catholic Fu Jen University, proved such a brilliant pupil that she was soon made special assistant to the head of the art department. At the university, she met a middle-aged German art professor named Gustav Ecke whom she married in 1945.

The Eckes left China in 1949, a few months before the Reds took Peking. They lived in Hong Kong for a while; then Ecke got a post at the University of Hawaii. Both U.S. citizens today, they live in a house by a small stream in Honolulu's pine-studded Nuuanu Valley.

A 9th Century Technique. In Peking, Tseng Yu-ho had studied the technique, dating back to the 9th century, by which China's artists strengthened their scrolls by pasting layers of thin paper to the back of the silk. Tseng has extended this technique to the surface of her paintings. They are more than ordinary collages; using the Chinese word for synthesis, Tseng calls them *Dsun*-paintings, for they are, in effect, orchestrations of many different kinds of paper. Tseng gets the paper—rice or bamboo or tapa—from all over the world. Some pieces are translucent, others are opaque; some are colored before being put in place with an invisible paste for which Tseng alone knows the formula. The brush designs may lie beneath one or several layers of translucent paper, or they may be painted on top.

Were Tseng Yu-ho's vision less sensitive, her paper-on-paper paintings could easily degenerate into decoration. But few do. Her subjects range from the stream by her house, to a mountain top, to a wispy peek into the cosmos. Her paper world can spit fire, roar like the sea, open up the vastness of a blue-black night. But her chief triumph is that in her work the traditional and the modern come together, not as combatants but as companions.



HONOLULU'S TSENG YU-HO

"REMEMBRANCE," by Honolulu Artist Tseng Yu-ho, has some of distant delicacy of landscapes painted in China's golden age.



"ERUPTION," with flames of shredded rice paper leaping against geometric background, is graceful collage.





Concrete... and the high road

• On the jet's freight manifest are anti-rattlesnake serum for a Colorado mining camp, oysters for a Denver restaurant . . . gowns, machinery, chemicals and maybe a baby snow leopard for the Chicago zoo.

What does concrete have to do with the movement of this cargo?

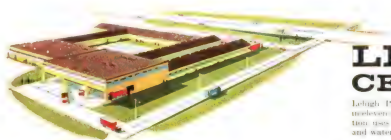
The journey really begins on the concrete ramps and loading platforms of America. Concrete leads to the airport gate. Heavy duty concrete gives a howling

jet its runway to the sky. More of the same awaits at the end of the line.

No matter how high planes fly they still must depend on down-to-earth concrete.

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LEHIGH CEMENTS

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THE PRESS

No Competition

A year-end study of the roster of U.S. daily newspapers provided the American Newspaper Publishers Association with an unexpected surprise: 18 new dailies were born in 1961, and only 13 disappeared. Exulting that a list which had been dwindling for years was suddenly showing signs of growth, A.N.P.A. General Manager Stanford Smith predicted that "the future trend will be toward more dailies to serve the public." The A.N.P.A. did not mention two far less encouraging trends:

- THE DECLINE OF COMPETITION. Since 1945, overall daily circulation has boomed from 46 million to 60 million, but in the same period the number of U.S. cities with competitive dailies has shrunk from 117 to 60. There are now 1,382 towns with newspaper monopolies.

- THE WEAKNESS OF BIG-CITY PAPERS. While suburban and rural dailies multiply, an acid bath of high production costs and TV competition is corroding the strength and numbers of the metropolitan press. The attrition is so great that newsrooms often buzz with rumors about what paper will be next to go. One such tale got out of hand last week in Detroit, where, ever since 1932, John S. Knight's morning *Free Press* (circ. 550,000) has had no rival at the city's breakfast tables. Detroit buzzed with so many stories about the *Free Press* being on the block that Publisher Knight finally felt obliged to publicly brand them as lies. He ran a full-page ad: THE DETROIT FREE PRESS IS NOT FOR SALE.

City Sickness. Even the A.N.P.A.'s proud list of newcomers served as added proof that the nation's bigger cities do not nourish its healthiest newspapers. The 1961 crop of new dailies sprouted in such towns as Chester, Ind. (1960 pop. 4,335), Napoleon, Ohio (6,739), and Princeton, W. Va. (8,393). But in a city the size of Boston (697,197), Hearst's cost accountants found it expedient to merge the empire's morning and afternoon papers into a single tabloid, the *Record-American*.

Biggest of the new dailies was founded in Portland, Ore., where striking newsmen from the city's two papers started the *Reporter*, enlisted relatives to sell subscriptions to sympathetic union families, now claim a circulation of 52,734. But the *Reporter* has been having its troubles, despite generous help from the International Typographical Union, which supplied cut-rate equipment, and now lades out weekly "strike" payments of as much as \$77.10 to editorial hands.

In the Red. If the A.N.P.A. was inclined to gloat over 1961's showing, it had little time to do so. Scarcely had the new year begun when two Los Angeles dailies—Hearst's *Examiner* and Norman Chandler's *Mirror* (TIME, Jan. 12)—died, leaving America's third largest city with only one morning paper and one in the afternoon. Last week a group headed by Marvin J. McConnell, who puts out a western twice-monthly trade paper (*Small Busi-*

ness News), announced plans to start an independent, five-day-a-week afternoon tabloid called the *Post* to challenge Hearst's consolidated *Herald-Examiner*. But the *Post*'s target circulation, 100,000, is only a shade of what Los Angeles' newest newspaper corpses boasted just before they died—and both were deep in the red. In a single day the *Examiner* and the *Mirror* used to sell more newspapers (682,919) than there are people in all 18 towns and cities where new papers began publishing last year (650,000).

Superlative Selection

Who has the world's longest mustache? Who was the world's most productive mother? No standard reference book troubles with such trivia, but an offbeat

For those who care, *Guinness* also reports that the longest sword that can be swallowed after a heavy meal measures 36 in. The most extensive case of coin swallowing was reported by Sedgefield General Hospital, County Durham, England, where a man was relieved of 366 halfpennies, 26 sixpences, 17 threepences, 11 pennies and four shillings (424 coins valued at about \$51).

Published for Pubs. First issued in Britain in 1955 by Guinness stout to settle bar bets, the book of mosts quickly became a must for pubs, libraries, schools, and school kids trying to outsmart their teachers. It now rates as Britain's best-selling reference book. Four British editions and one in the U.S. have sold 540,000 copies; soon to appear are French and German editions.

The publishing venture began with a disastrous 1954 bird shoot during which



MASUDIYA DIN & WORLD'S LONGEST MUSTACHE
Also fecund females, sensitive silkworms and misbehaving monarchs.

guide called *The Guinness Book of Records* answers such questions with gusto. And because it does, *Guinness* has become a useful handbook for any newspaperman who wants to spice a story with a few superlatives. Last week the second U.S. edition was rolling off the presses with the latest answers to unlikely questions: the world's mustache champ, says the new *Guinness*, is Masudiya Din, a Bombay Brahmin who sports 6 ft. 4 in. of lip adornment;² the fecund female was the wife of Russia's Fedor Vassilev, who bore him 69 children—16 pairs of twins, seven sets of triplets, four sets of quads—in the 19th century.

Guinness itself is a superlative, the world's greatest grab bag of mosts, leasts, longest, shortest, fattest, thinnest, highest, lowest, fastest and slowest—20,000 records in all. Its students can learn that the creature with the most sensitive sniffer is the male silkworm moth, which can detect a female two miles away; that the longest place name belongs to the New Zealand village of Taumatawhakatangihangakoauauotamateaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaihe-nukitanatahu; and that Mrs. Beverly Nina Avery, a Los Angeles barmaid, holds the record for most spouses in a monogamous society, with 14 husbands, five of whom, she once alleged, broke her nose.

Guinness Managing Director Sir Hugh Beaver missed everything in sight. Abashed, Sir Hugh tried to find out just how fast those elusive birds had been flying. He failed. But in his search he stumbled on a promotional opportunity: since many equally obscure points are disputed over pints of stout, why not publish a book for Britain's 73,000 pubs? It would keep the company's name, and product, on everybody's lips.

Lunatic Expert. Chosen to compile the book were Norris and Ross McWhirter, twin grandsons of Scottish inventor William McWhirter, who built the first indicating voltmeter and ammeter. At ten, the twins' favorite reading was *Whitaker's Almanack*; in the ensuing 26 years, they have added to their fund of statistics at Marlborough and Oxford, and as newsmen in London. In a scant 16 weeks, the McWhiters finished the book, and in the process they found an alibi for Sir Hugh: some game birds, they discovered, fly at a hard-to-hit 75 m.p.h.

The McWhiters now comb thousands of journals to keep their superlatives up to date, correspond with authorities in 110 countries, scan heaps of musty books to track down obscure points. To determine that Henry I was the leading sire of illegitimate children among British monarchs (at least 20, by six mistresses), they consulted twelve volumes of peerage records. And when all else fails, they turn to an army of volunteer assistants, including a mathematics expert lodged in Broadmoor criminal lunatic asylum.

² Even in its latest edition, *Guinness* is out of date. At last report, Masudiya Din had moved to Uttar Pradesh, and his mustache had grown until it stretched 87 1/2 ft. from tip to tip.

THE THEATER

Shell Game

The Egg (by Félicien Marceau) is a French sex farce with more head than bed in it, though on Broadway it tries to get grinning from leer to leer.

The play's hero, Emile Magis (Dick Shawn), is poor, wistful and young, and he yearns to crack the shell of "the egg," as he calls middle-class society. If he can live up to the rules of "the system," Emile reasons, he will stop being an outsider. The rules to him are the clichés people are always mouthing, such as, "He got up as fresh as a daisy." Emile wakes up worn out and aching. When it comes to girls a man who knows the system is able to say, "I said, 'My place?' and she said, 'Why not?'" It takes Emile three years to get a woman up to his place. The education of Emile continues in episodic vaudeville skits, and the hero gradually realizes that the system has no logic. When it fails, "you have to lie," he discovers. All is chance and absurdity.

For a time, Emile enjoys a mindlessly sensual affair with a married woman (Janet Ward). But the lure of the egg is too strong. He marries a bureaucrat's daughter and becomes a civil servant. When his wife is unfaithful, Emile turns vengeful and takes money from her lover "for the entertainment." Fearful that the pair might kill him, Emile murders his wife with the lover's revolver. In a hilarious scene of courtroom parody, the lover is sentenced to a 20-year jail term, and Emile yelps gleefully to the audience "That's the system!"

The Egg has been directed for its racy blue lines rather than its wry black comedy theme. Dick Shawn is miscast as Emile. He is funny, versatile and energetic, but he lacks what the role most needs—lack of confidence. The world is



SHAWN & WARD IN "THE EGG"
Racy blue rather than wry black.

Shawn's oyster rather than an uncrackable egg. The shiver of terror that should accompany the transformation of the timeliest soul into the tawdriest heel is thus lost. In scenes of insane family cackle, and in the spectacle of a cuckolded husband applauding his wife *flagrante delicto* ("Congratulations, Heloise. You're getting better every time"), playwright Marceau approaches the existential nausea toward life that animates the "theater of the absurd" (TIME, Dec. 22). Sartre and Camus have obviously influenced Marceau, but the guiding philosophy behind Broadway's *Egg* seems to be Minsky's.

A Clink of Truism

Plays for Bleecker Street (by Thornton Wilder). Art as wisdom is the special province of age. Whether the last quartets are Beethoven's or T. S. Eliot's, the artist as sage tries to transmute a quantity of experience into a quality of meaning, and answer ultimate questions. At the age of 64, a distinguished U.S. man of letters, Thornton Wilder, has embarked on such a summing-up in a cycle of 14 one-act plays divided into two groups, "The Seven Ages of Man" and "The Seven Deadly Sins." The off-Broadway debut of three of the playlets, two from the Man series (*Infancy, Childhood*) and one from the Sins series about lust (*Someone from Assisi*) is not auspicious.

Infancy wheels two baby carriages into Manhattan's Central Park. Up pop two tottery man-sized heads. These premature grownups in baby bonnets promptly explain that their caterwauling tantrums are not simple diaper and meal calls, as adults believe, but stem from a voracious and frustrated thirst for learning. They want to walk, talk, build houses, and have babies of their own. Their keepers, a fat mother who gorges herself on candy-counter goodies and a nurse who gobbles up drugstore novels, are shown to be truly infantile. But after the age-group hourglass has been turned upside down, the sands of drama merely trickle through, and the effect is cute rather than acute.

Childhood explores the shadowy fantasy life of youngsters and the bad phone connection between parent and child that keeps each from ever quite understanding the other. It shimmers with the subtle and subdued radiance of *Our Town*, the unique Thornton Wilder signature that no one else in the U.S. theater can convincingly forge. Two girls and a boy, aged 13, 10 and 5, play what Mother calls one of their "morbidity" games, "Funeral." In the game, Father and Mother have died in a bloody accident, and the children gather in church to praise them with faint damns. Mother was nice, "but she was always shopping." Father was a fine man, but "he never said anything very interesting."

Savoring the full careless rapture of having no parents ("Do we get any money for being orphans?" asks the boy hopefully), the children go for a make-believe bus ride. The conductor looks suspiciously like Papa, and a back-seat



INFANTS IN "INFANCY"
Cute rather than acute.

passenger like Mama, Delicately, Wilder suggests each child's need to love the thing he kills, especially parents. The wayward bus ride has its own hazards—jaywalkers, Indians, floods—and it gives Wilder a chance for a stalwart reflection on the business of living: "Fight. Struggle. Survive."

Child actors are apt to lose the natural graces and harum-scarum spontaneity of real children, but Debbie Scott, Susan Towers and Philip Visco are unself-consciously perfect, and except for a last-minute flurry of sentimentality, so is the play.

Someone from Assisi confronts St. Francis with a woman he had known carnally in his pre-vocational days. She is now as whirling mad as he is gently pious. The whole episode has the air of bogus revelation, as if it had been excerpted from a TV show called "Francis—This is Your Life."

In *Plays for Bleecker Street*, Thornton Wilder repeats, but does not enlarge, his basic credo that life is life, a tautology tinged with profundity. Except for *Childhood*, the playlets are insufficiently dramatized, and the prevailing sound of the evening is the clink of truism rather than the ring of truth.

Decline & Fall

Romulus (by Friedrich Dürrenmatt, adapted by Gore Vidal) promises, initially, to be a dramatic elegy, a dryly urbane fable of the organic decline and fall of a civilization. The hero Romulus (Cyril Ritchard) is the last Caesar of Rome. He is a former history professor ("I am what I used to teach") who married the previous emperor's daughter Julia (Chathleen Nesbitt), but the year is now A.D. 476 and the Goths have a rendezvous with his destiny. While his wife, daughter, generals and bureaucrats prate of "the international menace of Gothicism," Romulus sits amid the chipped columns



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and molting gold eagles of his villa and lifts a finger only to curl it elegantly around a goblet of wine. He seems like a philosopher-king. On the one hand, echoing Voltaire's "We must cultivate our garden," Romulus raises chickens, and his royally named brood includes Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic. On the other, with a touch of Spenglerian fatalism, Romulus accepts a tide of history that cannot be turned and must be endured. He represents reality, however disenchanted, confronting the illusions, however gallant, of those around him who talk empty about saving Rome.

If the first act seems to veil a point of view under a comic mask ("He who is last had best laugh"), the second and last act strips away the mask to make points in dead, and deadly, earnest. Romulus reveals to his wife that he has followed a purposeful plan of inaction. He is really a judge-penitent. He has judged Rome to be corrupt, hastened its fall, and hopes to expiate its sins by dying under the Gothic sword. Ottaker (Howard Da Silva), "the Gothic butcher," appears. As a barbarian, he scarcely lives up to his advance publicity. Like later German tourists, he is a devotee of classicism and omnivorously well read on Roman culture and art objects ("I congratulate you on your Venus. An original signed by Praxiteles"). He upsets Romulus dreadfully by sinking to his knees in fealty. To Ottaker the evils of Roman rule are negligible, and he is horrified by his nephew Theodor's fanatic nationalist ambition of leading the Goths to future blood baths of glory. When they discover that they are fellow chicken fanciers, Romulus and Ottaker quickly sit down to a sensible man's summit conference. "We were both wrong," says Romulus. "I have no power over the past. And you have none over the future. We are shipwrecked forever in the present." And for the present, they decide to make the world "safe to breed chickens from one end of Europe to the other."

As a theater piece *Romulus* owes a calculable debt to Cyril Ritchard, who makes of the emperor a mock-serious dandy, and whose drolly mannered and expertly timed delivery accounts for most of the evening's laughs. Playwright Vidal's contribution to the Duerrnmett script seems to consist of topical gags scavenged from the headlines without any visible link to the historic past. *Romulus* asks finally to be judged as a play of ideas when it only toys with ideas. Overlooking the fact that it takes two to make dialogue but only one to make war, *Romulus* clings to the naively optimistic argument that if only opposing parties will sit around a table and talk, the threat of war will vanish from the world. Another of the play's shallower notions is that the present is an isolated moment in time, and somehow contains within itself the principles of sound action. Yet wise policy must proceed from a knowledge of the past coupled with plans and hopes for the future.

Trying desperately to be Shavian, *Romulus* in the end rewards the playgoer with a wispy heap of intellectual shavings.

Sequel at McDonogh 19

New Orleans this year has seven Negro children peacefully attending five formerly all-white schools. To this relative progress the school board last week added an ironic footnote. One of the board's continuing problems has been McDonogh 19 School, notorious in 1960 as the place where spitting white harridans created ugly disorders. Toting up McDonogh's still sharply reduced enrollment—five Negroes, 15 whites in a school built for 570—the school board converted once all-white McDonogh to an all-Negro school.



SQUARE MEAL AT AIR FORCE ACADEMY
Then the general said: "At ease."

Better Days for Doolies

When a "doolie," a first-year man at the U.S. Air Force Academy, is braced by an upperclassman, he sucks in his gut, throws out his chest and brays: "Sir, a doolie is that insignificant whose rank is measured in negative units, one whose potential for learning is unlimited." At meals he sits at attention and lifts his fork from plate to mouth in the rectangular movement of a robot; he shouts his response when asked a question. Until not so long ago, when entering his dormitory, he had to rasp in intercom fashion: "Sir, Air Force Academy jet 201K turning base, three green."⁶

The new Air Academy began all this business six years ago by grafting its own lingo on a century-old tradition at West Point and Annapolis. It is not quite hazing; an upperclassman has to ask a doolie's

permission to touch him, even to straighten his tie. But if the official term for the custom is only "harassment," it still licenses upperclassmen to make life miserable for new men on the theory that "weak sisters" will quit.

Eating at Ease. The doolies near Colorado Springs are about to win a measure of relief: they will soon begin sitting at ease during meals. The change was the latest in a series of reforms by Academy Superintendent William S. Stone. A modern major general, Stone thinks that harassment does indeed fuel the attrition rate (which averaged 27% for the academy's first three classes), but that it is not necessarily the weak sisters who quit. Says Stone: "A lot of this stuff is sophomoric."

Upperclassmen used to bait doolies all weekend; now doolies may close their doors if they want to be alone. For the first time, doolies regularly visit faculty homes. "They're discovering that an officer is like any other American," says one faculty member. "He has a wife, kids, and weeds in the lawn. We don't just play bridge and get drunk all the time."

Attitude & Altitude. The results already show. By Christmas vacation in 1960, the doolie class of 772 had been reduced by 123, including 75 who quit because they abhorred the academy. By Christmas vacation in 1961, the doolie class of 802 had lost 61 men, including only 32 who left out of distaste.

The academy is not letting doolies off scot-free. To the hectoring question, "Mister, what is your altitude?" they must still recite the laborious answer: "Sir, my altitude is 7,200 ft. above sea level, and far, far above that of West Point or Annapolis." But they must also memorize, and later teach new doolies, the 1879 thesis of Major General John M. Schofield: "The discipline which makes the soldiers of a free country reliable in battle is not to be gained by harsh or tyrannical treatment."

Good Grades, Good Risks

Boys hot-rodding up and down the highways all evening will get bad marks at school; boys home studying all evening will get good grades. State Farm Mutual, biggest U.S. auto insurer, is willing to bet money on this sweeping proposition. Starting this week in California, it will use grades to sort out safe drivers from bad risks in the 16-to-25 age group. Insurance companies normally raise premiums by some 200% to 400% on a car driven by a 16-to-25-year-old single male (girls are considered more conservative drivers, pay no extra premium). Now State Farm Mutual will cut insurance premiums by \$10 to \$50 on cars driven by unmarried males in eleventh grade through college, provided that they rank in the top 20% of their classes, have B averages, or can prove equivalent academic standing. But once out of school, they will have to resume paying high premiums until they turn 26.

⁶ Meaning: Cadet 201K is on the base log of his final approach, three green cockpit lights signify that his landing gear is down and locked.

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CHARLES TOWN RACE COURSE
If anyone knows who's ahead, please telephone.

Only Wheel in Town

In the starting gate, eight skittish thoroughbreds pawed at the frozen ground and shot steam from flaring nostrils. Cold-numbered jockeys gripped the reins and tensed for the starter's signal. "They're off!" shouted Track Announcer Raymond Haight—but on the first turn, the horses disappeared in a blinding snowstorm. Haight gave up trying to call the race, made a mock appeal to the crowd: "If anybody knows who that horse is that's on top by four lengths, will he please call extension 37?"

Snow and sub-freezing temperatures do little to cool the enthusiasm of the hardy horse players who jam West Virginia's Charles Town Race Course each day during the long winter: 30,000 were on hand last week. Pockets bulging with Mason jars of moonshine, Shenandoah farmers huddled over their tout sheets; Baltimore businessmen traded tips with pin-striped Washington politicians. For hundreds of other two-buck bettors from New York and Philadelphia, the day at the races had begun at 6 a.m., when they boarded special buses for a five-hour trek to the track. "I wouldn't get up that early to look for a job," said Long Island Printer Frank Tuohocini, a Charles Town regular, "but to go to the races, I don't mind nothing."

Rigged Races. Most of the racing bulls who come to tiny (pop. 5,000) Charles Town are the same breed—refugees from the big-city race tracks of the North. They travel to West Virginia because New York and Maryland tracks are closed, because Florida is too expensive and too far away. Explains one hard-bitten railbird: "Charles Town is the only wheel in town."

Tucked into West Virginia's nubby Blue Ridge Mountains, Charles Town was built in 1933, survived the Depression to become one of the nation's most successful small tracks: its parimutuel machines

SPORT

handle an average of \$340,000 each day of the three-month winter meeting. Old-timers fondly recall the track's early years, when races were rigged, payoff prices were faked, and a nearby electrical shop offered specialties for jockeys: "A little battery to stimulate your own horse, or a dynamo big enough to electrocute the rest of the field."

Hay of 50¢. Now thoroughly respectable, Charles Town Race Course is the biggest business in all of Jefferson County, employs 1,200, and boasts a \$5 million plant—including a heated clubhouse and a three-quarter-mile track that is specially designed to provide good footing, even when it is covered with snow. But Charles Town's persistent problem is still the freakish winter weather. In 1954, a bolt of lightning struck the starting gate, knocked out Starter Harold Holland and the two Percherons that were tugging the gate into position. In 1956, riders abruptly quit for the day after a 60-m.p.h. gust of wind blew Jockey George Stidham out of his saddle as he was leading the pack through the stretch.

With its steady menu of cheap claiming races,⁹ Charles Town rarely attracts stakes-winning thoroughbreds or top jockeys, who prefer to compete for rich purses at the lush winter tracks of Florida or California. But it is a haven for penny-wise trainers (hay costs only 50¢ a bale vs. \$2.40 in Florida) and hungry young riders hoping to crash the big time. Charles Town's graduates include such well-known riders as Ted Atkinson and Willie Hartack. But for others, like battle-worn Jockey Sam Palumbo, 53, who

rode in the track's first program, the cozy, small-town atmosphere is the main attraction. "We don't have to be gypsies here," says Palumbo. "We can live a family life, like other people."

Nobody gets rich quick on Charles Town's slim (\$1,000 to \$3,000) purses, but Mutuel Clerk Tommy Carr set a one-race record that will be hard to match: he punched his own tickets, watched saddle his horse in the paddock, helped the race, went to the winner's circle to be photographed, and returned to his window to pay himself off.

Attaboy, Andy Baby

True to professional hockey's lusty tradition, loyal fans of the New York Rangers boo the visiting team, jeer at the referee and greet home-team blunders with showers of eggs and cries of "Ya jerk, ya"—a provincialism once reserved for the bumbling baseball players who inhabited Brooklyn's Ebbets Field. Last week, when the New Yorkers blew a 2-1 lead to the Toronto Maple Leafs, a sullen crowd clustered outside the Ranger dressing room to taunt their tarnished heroes. "Aw, go back to Montreal!" one fan yelled at Player-Coach Doug Harvey. "Whatsamatter, Gump, no guts?" somebody asked Goalie Lorne Worsley, who answered with a brisk curse. But then Center Andy Bathgate stepped quietly onto the sidewalk, and the fans' mood changed abruptly. "Attaboy, Andy," they murmured. "Attaboy, Andy baby."

Decking & Slapping. At 29, Andrew James Bathgate is not only the favorite of New York fans; he is the most exciting player in the National Hockey League. Although he is burdened with 23 lbs. of protective padding and wears braces on both knees (he suffers from slipping kneecaps), Bathgate glides across a rink with the classic grace of an Olympic figure skater. He has exceptional peripheral vision, is an expert at "decking" (feinting)

⁹ In which any horse entered may be "claimed" by another owner, before the start, for a predetermined price. If a claimed horse wins, his purse goes to the original owner.

defensemen and goalies out of position. A cat-quick opportunist, he is the best playmaker in the game. And his long-distance "slap-shot" is pro hockey's most effective offensive weapon: the rock-hard puck streaks toward the nets at 100 m.p.h. Twice in one season, Bathgate scored on 80-ft. slap-shots. One ripped the glove off the right hand of Boston Goalie Harry Lumley; the other left Montreal's Goalie Jacques Plante with a bruised leg. Last week against Toronto, Bathgate rammed in one goal and set up another, ran his season's scoring total to 54 points—tops in the league. Says Ranger Coach Harvey: "Weaknesses? The main weakness Andy has is that he doesn't shoot enough."

"As long as I can remember," Andy Bathgate says, "I've been on skates." He grew up in Manitoba, turned down scholarship feelers from two U.S. universities (Denver and Colorado) to play "amateur" hockey (for \$40 a week) for the Guelph, Ont., Biltmores. Recalls ex-Ranger Coach Frank Boucher: "Andy seemed to have everything. He had a burst of speed, and he was a very tricky stick handler." When he joined the Rangers in 1954, Bathgate was an instant success: he scored 20 goals in his first season, was voted the N.H.L.'s Most Valuable Player four years later.

Battle Scars. In the rough, tough National Hockey League, where anything short of outright mayhem is considered a fair way to stop a man from scoring, Andy Bathgate has earned his share of scars from slashing sticks and skates. He has the face of a Western movie hero who has just lost a saloon brawl. His upper teeth are the best that money can buy; he deposits them carefully in a paper cup before he goes out to play. "In Canada," he says, "you're not a hockey player until you've lost some teeth." In the rugged give-and-take of bigtime hockey, Bathgate has learned to give with the best of

them; he once got so infuriated that he beat up Boston's Vic Stasiuk twice in a single night.

On and off the ice, Andy Bathgate seems almost too good to be true. He neither smokes nor drinks; he is scrupulously polite to fans and sportswriters, banks much of his \$20,000 salary, drove the same car for nine years before he finally traded it in on a new model (a 1962 Pontiac). "Andy is simply never moody," says his pretty wife Merle. "even after the team loses. Sometimes I'll criticize him for not having back-checked or not having made the right sort of pass." Adds the fortunate Mrs. Bathgate: "He'll listen."

Practical Proposal

Basketball has become a bore, according to Charley Eckman—one-time coach of the Fort Wayne Pistons and now a busy college referee. Last week in the Greensboro (N.C.) *Daily News*, Eckman spelled out his complaint.

"Basketball today," said the disillusioned referee, "is like playing baseball without the home run. It's like four-wards-and-a-cloud-of-dust football. Dull. There's nothing more breathtaking than the long set shot or the long jump shot. But you see very few of these any more in the game we're playing. All you see is a lot of heavy traffic and battling under the basket. That's where 90% of the fouls occur and all the fights start, because that's where the goons are—the big guys who grab the ball and stand there admiring themselves, daring anybody to try and take it away. They look good in railroad stations and air terminals, but all they do on a basketball court is take up space."

The game, said Charley, is far too rough—especially as it is played in college. "These boys are playing for blood. Five times already this season, I've seen players undercut [*i.e.*, blocked low across the legs] going in for a layup—and you shouldn't see that many in an entire season. It's the worst foul in the game; a boy can get killed. An official needs eight degrees, including four in psychology, to know what is a dangerous foul and what isn't. Usually, the real danger isn't the big blow. It's the agitation foul—the constant shove that excites and angers boys to the point that an accidentally thrown elbow can start a fight."

Eckman calls for radical revision of the game: cut the number of players on each team to four and restrict defensive as well as offensive players to three consecutive seconds in the foul lane. "This would reduce the traffic under the basket, and eliminate the goon. The four-man game would be limited to players who can dribble, run, pass and shoot. Versatile players. The game would be played all over the court—not just in an area of 25 ft. or less. If fans ever saw four-man basketball once," Eckman is sure, "they'd never sit still for the game we see today. But," he adds sadly, "it will probably never happen."

Tale of the Capricious Clock

by
Julian P. Von Winkle,
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky,
Established 1849



Alben Barkley used to tell about the clock his father borrowed from a neighbor.

"He kept Mr. Dunn's clock a week," Mr. Barkley related, "but could never tell the time of day or night."

"I should have told you about that clock before I let you have it," the neighbor explained. "When the hand points to eight and she strikes twice, that means it's half-past three!"

There's the same chance for mix-up when you buy your whiskey solely on its stated age.

The label may "point" to eight years, yet the whiskey itself may taste like "half-past-three,"—or even worse!

Depends on who made the whiskey and how.

Light-bodied whiskeys mature quickly, then go on to pick up unpleasant flavors from the charred oak barrel.

Full-bodied Bourbon, on the other hand, accommodates itself to a heap of aging, adding to its mellow character as year after year ticks slowly by.

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Changing of the guard

Budd is building advanced, more powerful "gap-filler" radar to replace the radar that now guards low-lying areas of our nation. It will greatly narrow the possibility of an airborne marauder slipping through our defenses. Unmanned, completely automatic stations of the system will feed information to "heavy" radar sites, where high-speed data processing equipment can instantly determine speed, altitude, direction, size and numbers

of any invader. Budd is building the new "gap-filler" radar system for the North American Defense Command's SAGE System. It is one of many Budd developments which add new muscle to our nation's defenses. Our Electronics Division offers unique career opportunities for scientists and engineers in this field. For information, write The Budd Company, Phila. 32, Pa.

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BUSINESS

RAILROADS

Birth of the Penn Central

For nearly a century the first and third largest U.S. railroads—the Pennsylvania and the New York Central—have battled each other with wary, and sometimes hostile, respect. Last week, in a dramatic communiqué carefully withheld until the New York Stock Exchange had closed for the weekend, the boards of directors of the two longtime rivals announced plans to merge them into one giant enterprise: the Pennsylvania New York Central Transportation Co.

Out of the proposed merger would come a massive rail network with 29,372 miles of track crisscrossing the big industrial areas from Boston to St. Louis. With assets of \$4.2 billion and combined annual revenue of \$1.5 billion or more, the new Penn Central line would tower far above any other U.S. railroad and with its subsidiaries would rank as the 13th largest corporation in the country.

As the bigger and financially stronger of the two merging lines, the Pennsy would dominate the new road. Under the terms agreed upon by the two boards, each Central share (selling at 20½ at week's end) would be worth 1.3 shares in the Penn Central, while each Pennsy share (18½) would be worth only one new share. But with twice as many Pennsy shares presently outstanding, Pennsylvania stockholders would wind up with 60.8% of the new company. In addition, Pennsy directors will nominate the chairman-chief executive officer and one vice chair-

man of the merged line. For top man their choice seems likely to fall on Pennsy Chairman James M. Symes (pronounced Sims), 64, a railroad man all his life. His directors are pressing him to postpone his retirement in order to launch the new line. Central directors will name the president-chief administrative officer of the new road plus a second vice chairman. As a gesture to the Pennsy, Central directors seem ready to tap as president Allen Greenough, 56, currently president of the Pennsylvania. Central President Alfred Perlman, 59, a tough operating man but less effective in administration and not too highly regarded at the Pennsy, seems slated for a vice chairmanship.

Up from the Mohawk. Forcing this elaborate treaty between two old combatants was one overriding consideration: the increasingly parlous economics of Eastern railroading. The Pennsy, which as late as 1955 reported net profits of \$41 million, showed a deficit of \$2.7 million in the first eleven months of last year. The Central, which netted \$52 million in 1955, lost \$15.9 million in the first eleven months of 1961. By merging, the two roads hope to save as much as \$150 million a year in operating costs. They can eliminate hundreds of miles of side-by-side track, cut back to one terminal in cities where they are now rivals and do away with duplicating jobs, rolling stock and maintenance facilities.

For all its economic practicality, however, the merger proposal drew a nostalgic sigh from railroad buffs steeped in the two lines' colorful contributions to U.S. business history. For them, the Central, founded in 1851 as a consolidation of nine little railroads in the Mohawk River Valley, still carries the swashbuckling stamp of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, Vanderbilt, who acquired control of the line in 1867, did so by the simple



CENTRAL'S INDIANAPOLIS YARD
Profit by the new.

device of blackmail; he cut off the Central's wintertime rail links with New York City until Central stockholders in desperation gave him control of the road. Along with his buccaneering, the Commodore built the Central system into such a solid moneymaker that for decades it was considered a better investment than Government bonds.

Unlike the Central, the Pennsy has always presented a good grey image. Founded by Philadelphia businessmen in 1846, the Pennsy was still a small connecting line in 1852 when its third president, shrewd, sensible J. Edgar Thomson began to build it into the nation's largest road with a series of railroading firsts, including the laying of the first steel rails in the U.S. The Pennsy's proudest tradition is that in 114 years it has never missed paying a dividend.

The Great Rate War. In the 1880s the Central and the Pennsy locked in a head-on battle that saw them spitefully cutting rates until passenger fare from New York to Chicago dropped to \$8. When the fight threatened to bring on a stock market



PHILADELPHIA'S PENN CENTER



CENTRAL'S VANDERBILT
Consolidate the old.



PENNSY'S THOMSON

panic, the redoubtable John Pierpont Morgan steamed home from London to take both presidents for a ride up the Hudson on his yacht *Corsair* while he bulldozed them into declaring a truce. Thereafter, though the two lines fought fiercely for freight, their passenger competition was held mainly to rivalry in luxurious appointments between the Central's famed *Twentieth Century Limited* and the Pennsy's *Broadway Limited*.

In recent years the two railroads have not been able to afford the luxury of such rivalry as competition from trucks, planes, cars and buses brought them both hard times. The Central seemed on the verge of a comeback eight years ago when the late Financier Robert R. Young won control and brought in Perlman as president. But despite such spectacular attempts to cut costs as the automation of the Central's huge Big Four freight yards near

sisted that the solution to the problems of the Eastern railroads lay in merger. Reopening negotiations, the two lines called in a trio of prestigious investment banking houses—Morgan, Stanley & Co., the First Boston Corp. and Glorie, Forgan & Co.—which spent two months digging into the intricate finances of both lines before approving as equitable the stock exchange ratios agreed upon last week.

Off-Track Trouble. With the bankers' encouragement, stockholders of the two roads are expected to approve the merger at the annual meetings in May. Approval from the sympathetic Interstate Commerce Commission will come—if ever—only after tedious deliberations in which town after town will object to losing tax revenues from consolidation of Pennsy and Central terminals. Still another hurdle lies in the attitude of Justice Department trustbusters, who have taken no

effectively if foreign tariff barriers are dropped. Among the generally pro-free trade industries:

- **Autos.** Says American Motors Corp.'s William S. Pickett, executive vice president of A.M.C. Export: "If some industries can't make a go of it, why in hell don't they get out of business? With fewer restrictions, trade in general would be more competitive, and it would no longer be necessary to spend millions to set up foreign subsidiaries."

- **STEEL.** "Our industry has survived competitive situations before," says one big steel executive. "Although this is a tough predicament, we can do it again by providing better quality, better service, better technology."

- **Oil.** "It is not wage costs between the U.S. and Europe that should be compared," says Cecil Morgan, Standard Oil of New Jersey's chief of government relations, "but unit costs of production; and if you do that you'll see that there isn't much difference."

- **Pulp & Paper.** "We want freer trade with Europe, not tariff protection at home," says Crown Zellerbach Chairman J. D. Zellerbach. "The only way the U.S. can hope to hold its export markets is by associating itself with the Common Market movement."

With Two Voices. The answer was more mixed in industries that anticipate mixed effects from lower tariffs. Examples:

- **ELECTRONICS.** Parts manufacturers, such as Texas Instruments, faced with heavy Japanese competition, tend to be for protection. But Motorola, which does handsomely by using Japanese transistors and other components in some of its radio and TV sets, is all for freeing trade. Says Motorola President Robert Galvin: "In the final analysis, the U.S. industrialist will be far more interested in a potential world market of 2 billion customers than in a domestic market of 180 million."

- **MACHINE TOOLS.** Manufacturers who produce only standard tools are pinched by foreign imports, and dread increased competition. Makers of special equipment, such as Warner & Swasey Co. (automated turret lathes), are not only unhurt but doing a big export business. "Now that European wage rates are going up and they're running out of skilled workers, our high-production machines are becoming important to them," says Warner & Swasey Executive Vice President James C. Hodge.

The Naysayers. Businessmen who flatly oppose the whole idea of freer trade may be a minority, but get heard. Notable among them is Colonel Willard F. Rockwell, chairman of Pittsburgh's Rockwell Manufacturing Co. and Rockwell-Standard Corp. (pumps, valves, automotive parts and Aero Commander planes). Says he: "With high U.S. wages and low depreciation write-offs, I don't know of a single U.S. product that could compete with European industry."

The nearest thing to unanimous opposition to the Kennedy program was heard among businessmen in the South—partly because much of the South's burgeoning



LEFT: R. R. YOUNG

MIDDLE: J. P. GREENOUGH

RIGHT: R. R. PERLMAN

For the only visible alternative to deterioration.

Indianapolis, the efforts of Young and Perlman were not enough. At the Pennsy, meanwhile, Symes and Greenough were finding heavy going, even after such imaginative deals as turning the road's old right of way into central Philadelphia over to a massive urban redevelopment project capped by the 30-story Penn Center. Increasingly, it became clear that the best possibility of restoring both roads to health lay in merger.

Renewing the Urge. Talks between the Central and the Pennsy began in 1957 but in 1959, in a move apparently designed to sandbag the Pennsy into offering better terms, Perlman broke off negotiations, incautiously declaring that the merger was not in the public interest. The Central then sounded out the possibility of merging with the B. & O. and C. & O.

The Central's urge to merge with the Pennsy was renewed by two events: 1) the Pennsylvania seemed to be considering joining up with the projected merger of the Norfolk & Western (of which it owns 32.7%) and the Nickel Plate; 2) after a titanic proxy fight, control of Allegheny Corp.—the holding company that controls the Central—passed from Robert Young's associate, Financier Alan P. Kirby to the Texas brothers, Clint and John Murchison, and Perlman found himself working for new bosses who in-

position so far but who might argue that the sheer bigness of the merged railroad would outweigh the fierce competition it would face from trucks, airlines and cars.

Even if everyone else approves, the roads will certainly face trouble with the railroad brotherhoods, which last week extravagantly denounced the merger agreement as "the most catastrophic proposal . . . ever placed before the public" and asked up to three years' pay for anyone laid off. In the end, the fact that it is the only visible alternative to steadily deteriorating railroad service in the eastern half of the U.S. seems the best guarantee for the birth of the Pennsylvania New York Central Transportation Co.

PUBLIC POLICY

Freer Trade Winds

U.S. business responded to the President's tariff reduction program surprisingly favorably.

Understandably eager for freer trade are the executives of the many U.S. industries already selling successfully overseas. But less predictably, freer trade has the endorsement, according to soundings taken by TIME correspondents, of many businessmen whose companies are currently suffering from import competition but who are confident they can counterattack

new industry moved there to escape high wage costs elsewhere and fears that lower tariffs will offset any gains they made by moving.

Predictably enough, most opponents of freer trade speak for industries already suffering from imports. Examples:

- **GLASS.** With imported sheet glass taking 32.5% of 1960 sales (v. 15.4% in 1955), Vice President Robinson F. Barker of Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. says: "We see no real hope of sharing any growth in the U.S. market unless effective tariff relief is granted."

- **TEXTILES.** "If imports keep increasing as they have [7.2% of the U.S. market in 1960, up 300% from 1958], all U.S. textiles would be replaced by 1970," dourly predicts President William F. Sullivan of the Northern Textile Association.

- **CHEMICALS.** "We should not abandon our present selective approach to a reduction of tariffs," argues President Kenneth Klipstein of American Cyanamid. The point: the chemical industry, which is among the most highly protected U.S. businesses, wants no lowering of tariffs on the key organic chemicals that are the base for myriad highly profitable end products ranging from pharmaceuticals to plastics.

The Strings. But for all the militancy of such protests, U.S. business in general has clearly undergone a historic change of heart since World War II. Most U.S. businessmen now see more opportunity than danger in freer trade. Even in industries clamoring for protection, a concern for the U.S. world position produces some moderating voices. Says Chairman Spencer Love of Burlington Industries, the nation's largest textile producer: "If we get into a tariff reduction program and it doesn't work out, that will be the time to do something about it."

Even the most enthusiastic supporters of free trade have reservations: they want some form of relief for industries and employees who may be hurt. They want the same treatment foreign firms enjoy in depreciation write-offs and want to be certain, too, that U.S. negotiators win trade agreements that open world markets to U.S. industry on equal terms. "The other countries don't observe the rules as rigidly as we do," warns one executive. "They always have a few little gimmicks—such as tax rebates to exporters—to give themselves an extra edge." In the broad generalities of his State of the Union message, Kennedy seemed to take most of these reservations into account. But it will be the dollars-and-cents specifics of the President's program that determines how much U.S. business is confirmed in its growing allegiance to free trade.

WALL STREET

Ford's Two-for-One

After months of rumor, the Ford Motor Co. finally did it. In May, Ford's board announced, the company will ask its stockholders to approve a two-for-one stock split that will increase the number of outstanding Ford shares to 110 million. At the same time, Ford directors made the



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ownership of Ford stock a bit more attractive by increasing the quarterly dividend from 75¢ to 90¢.

Ford's decision to split its stock was taken with a sharp eye on auto sales charts. Ford shares, issued at \$64.50 five years ago when Ford went public, have climbed to a high of \$117.50—a price so steep that it discourages purchases by small investors. Meanwhile, the stock of Ford's archrival, General Motors, has been selling briskly at around \$55. Since the automakers reckon that a shareholder is likely to buy the car made by the company in which he has invested, Ford was understandably anxious to widen ownership of its stock.

Stock splitting has a mystique all its own, and subjects the stock to sudden—and not always rational— gyrations (Ford has gained 37 points since June—mainly because of strong sales and earnings but partly in the hope of a split). Announcement of the split is taken by speculators as the signal to take their profits, and the stock takes a jolt (Ford lost four points on the announcement day).

But outsiders and insiders both love the splitters. Some investors take a simple pleasure in owning 20 shares of something (quoted at \$50) instead of a measly ten fat \$100s. Many of the outsiders also confuse cause and effect, thinking that a split in itself is going to increase the value of their holdings. More sophisticated investors think that the split itself may be worth a few points in broadened trading. More important, they take it as a sign of management confidence, a kind of ratification by management that the "high" pre-split price of their company's stock is soundly based on earnings and prospects.

Though the Ford split is the first major one of the new year, it is certain not to be the last. With the bull market pushing many stocks into the high-priced range, stock analysts expect that splits in 1962 will top even the record of 320 set in 1950. Among the most talked-about candidates for early splitting: Bristol-Myers, Campbell Soup, Litton Industries, Quaker Oats and Polaroid Corp.



PRESIDENT TOWNSEND

For now: just a preliminary tear-up.

AUTOS

Chrysler Fights Back

In a move so unconventional that it left Detroit openmouthed, the Chrysler Corp. last week announced its plans to introduce a "new" Dodge next month—spang in the midst of the 1962 model year. Normally, the introduction of a new car model requires extensive retooling which is far too costly and too time-consuming to do more than once a year. But Chrysler will turn the trick by an ingenious bit of hybridization. The new Dodge, which has been christened the "Custom 880" and which will be larger than any current Dodge model, is to be built on the chassis of the 1962 Chrysler Newport, will sport the cleanly styled Newport body from rear bumper to windshield, and 1961 Dodge Polara metal from the windshield forward.

Ingenuous as it is, the entry of the 880 is one more reflection of the tribulations

that have cut Chrysler's share of the U.S. auto market from 14½% in 1960 to 10½% at present. Despite disappointing sales of its 1961s, Chrysler clung to its losing bet on wedge-shaped European styling, and added some neo-in details in most 1962 models. Result: its daily sales rate last month slipped nearly 16% below December 1960 while the auto industry as a whole was scoring a 7.4% gain. By New Year's Day, Chrysler dealers had stacked up an 80-day supply of cars; an average 41-day stock for the industry as a whole. Last week, moving to cut its unwieldy inventories, Chrysler laid off 2,600 production-line workers.


Paring to Size. Gloomy as Chrysler's current situation appears, however, its future possibilities look better because of the quick profit-and-loss reflexes of President Lynn Townsend. 42—a cool no-nonsense executive who took over from the flamboyant Lester L. ("Tex") Colbert. Last year, while he was still administrative vice president, Townsend fired 7,000 white-collar employees and sold off a clutch of Chrysler plants and office buildings in an effort to bring the company's overhead into line with its present share of the auto market.

Townsend went on to merge the Chrysler-Imperial division with Plymouth, cutting overhead still further. To inspire Chrysler's wobbly dealer network, he offered sales incentive payments of \$50 on every Dodge and Plymouth sold by dealers who order their full 1962 quotas. Under Townsend's prodding, Chrysler is building sales and service facilities that will lease out in areas where potential dealers are unwilling to invest their own money.

Back in the Black. Determined to give his dealers a more appealing car to sell (it was too late to do much about the 1962s), Townsend three months ago hired away from Ford able Stylist Elwood Engel, who created the clean, sculptured lines of the 1961 Lincoln Continental. And to restore Chrysler's longtime reputation for pacing the auto industry in engineering innovations, Townsend has handed his engineers a blank check to develop a gas turbine engine (TIME, Jan. 5, 1962).


Though it has yet to show up in sales, this determined assault on Chrysler's cumbersome structure has already shown up in the company's books. By his overhead surgery, Townsend has cut Chrysler's break-even point from 1,000,000 cars a year to 800,000. Late last month, at a meeting in Detroit, he was able to announce that, despite its whopping \$21 million loss in the first nine months of 1961, Chrysler's books for the full year would be in the black by "several million dollars"—thanks to a combination of lower costs, tax credits, and improved business in the company's nonautomotive products (air conditioning, military contracts, etc.). Before he is through, Townsend confidently expects to send Chrysler's auto sales curve soaring again. Says he brusquely: "The biggest product tear-up ever is in the works for next fall."

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LONDON
RECORDS

ffss
stereo

Married. Françoise Sagan, 26, prolific enfant terrible of French literature (*Bonjour Tristesse*, *A Certain Smile*, *Amélie*, *Les Brahmès*); and Robert Westhoff, 31, lanky expatriate sculptor from Minneapolis who shares Sagan's addiction to fast sports cars (she spent five months recuperating after a 1957 crack-up); she for the second time, he for the first; in Barneville, Normandy.

Married. Conor Cruise O'Brien, 44, explosive veteran diplomat who resigned last month from the Irish foreign service and from his Congo post as U.N. chief in Katanga in protest at British and French encouragement of Katanga's secessionist President Tshombe; and Moira MacEntee, 39, daughter of Ireland's Deputy Prime Minister Sean MacEntee; he for the second time, she for the first; in Manhattan.

Died. Ernie Kovacs, 42, mustachioed, cigar-frazzling master of madcap nihilistic humor; of a fractured skull and a ruptured aorta, suffered when his car crashed into a utility pole; in West Los Angeles. Son of an immigrant Hungarian tavern keeper, Kovacs started off as an \$18-a-week radio announcer in Trenton, N.J., scored his first TV success when he leered out at Philadelphia viewers while running a vacuum cleaner upside down over the studio ceiling, went on to win nationwide fame with three big-box-office movies (*Operation Mad Ball*, *Bell, Book and Candle*, *Our Man in Havana*) and scores of zanyly imaginative TV shows. He had one of the world's most staggering cigar bills (\$13,000 a year), and a \$600,000 Los Angeles house equipped with an indoor waterfall and an asphalt driveway turntable that spun cars around to head them back to the street.

Died. Florence Kathryn Lewis, 50, quietly powerful daughter of the United Mine Workers' John L. Lewis, a plump, outwardly placid woman who left Bryn Mawr to become her father's secretary, buffered his fierce temperament with her own dexterous diplomacy, eventually rose to become boss of District 50, the U.M.W.'s vehicle for organizing outside the mining industry; in Manhattan.

Died. Walter Clark Teagle, 83, former president and board chairman of Standard Oil of New Jersey, a brilliant industrial strategist with the bulldog build and weather-beaten face of an oilfield roustabout; after a long illness; in Byram, Conn. The son and grandson of wealthy oilmen, Teagle rebuilt Standard after it was fragmented by a court decree in 1911, before he retired in 1942 mapped the overseas operations that made the company a world power in oil, but spared enough attention from his headlong expansion of Standard to pioneer in worker representation on refinery councils and (in 1915) the eight-hour day.

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BOOKS

A Class War

THE END OF THE BATTLE (319 pp.)—Evelyn Waugh—Little, Brown (\$4.50).

The most accomplished contemporary stylist in the English language—sometimes satirist, religious romantic and biographer—is also a social historian of sorts. With *The End of the Battle*, Evelyn Waugh completes a trilogy of novels about a segment of Britain in World War II. Neither as bouncy as *Men at Arms* nor as dissonant as *Officers and Gentlemen*, the third of the three is a blues for a bygone time.

Britain in Waughtime is a top-drawer, old-school-tie kind of place: many of the characters belong to a St. James club called Bellamy's (that might be Boodle's), have nicknames such as Jumbo, Fido, Uncle and Chatty, and take it as a matter of course that one wangles the job one wants in the war effort. They are also mostly members of a regiment called the Halberdiers, whose training in the early days of the war and blooding in the Dakar expedition of 1940 are described in *Men at Arms* (TIME, Oct. 27, 1952).

Waugh's hero, Guy Crouchback, the square and serious scion of an old landed Catholic family, joined the Halberdiers with shining purpose and an oath on the sword of Roger of Waybroke, saintly crusader of the 12th century. To Guy, the Nazi-Communist pact had seemed to simplify things: "The enemy at last was plain in view, huge and hateful, all disguise cast off. It was the Modern Age in arms. Whatever the outcome there was a place for him in that battle."

Both Guy's place and his personal battle grew increasingly ambiguous. The Halberdiers teemed with weird Waugh characters—from one-eyed, ruthless Brigadier Ritchie-Hook through Trimmer, an ex-hairdresser on the *Aquitania*, to the knowledgeable ass, Athorpe, whose portable jokes provides Waugh with an outlet for numerous excursions into scatology. Happless Guy inadvertently kills him at the end with the gift of a bottle of whisky when Athorpe was suffering from fever.

Friends & Traitors. In *Officers and Gentlemen* the old Waugh savagery makes mincemeat of the Halberdiers. Trimmer, the cowardly leader of a commando raid that was organized for publicity purposes, is puffed into a phony hero and sent on a tour of factories to bolster civilian morale. Guy and a group of fellow commandos are sent on an operation in Crete where three of them desert (including the commanding officer), and one Waugh original known as Ludovic murders two of his comrades-in-arms.

Most disheartening of all, the Russians become allies, and the enemy is no longer plain in view. The book ends with Guy's return home in a mood far removed from Roger of Waybroke. "The hallucination was dissolved . . . and he was back after less than two years' pilgrimage in a Holy

Land of Illusion in the old ambiguous world, where priests were spies and gallant friends proved traitors and his country was led blundering into dishonor."

Beyond Duty. When *Officers and Gentlemen* was published in 1955, Waugh announced that he had changed his mind about the trilogy and would let the two books stand as a unit. He wrote a strange, apparently autobiographical account of a bout of hallucination and irrationality, titled *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* (TIME, Aug. 12, 1957), and in 1960, he published the biography of Britain's late, literary Msgr. Ronald Knox. But the third book was only waiting. "He took the pile of manuscript, his unfinished novel, from the drawer and glanced through it," he



EX-COMMANDO WAUGH
Weary blues for a bygone time.

wrote on the last page of *Pinfold*. "The story was still clear in his mind. He knew what had to be done."

What had to be done was to see Guy Crouchback through to a melancholy acceptance of the greying world in which the only crusades are private affairs and the only pilgrimages are within. "I don't think I'm much interested in victory now," Guy tells his father. "It doesn't seem to matter now who wins." What he really wants is to die—as it appears, do many of the people in the book (one whole section is called "The Death Wish").

But instead, Guy humbles through a war of irrelevances and frustrations and ends up married to an outdoors type from a good, landed Catholic family. Along the way, though, this decent Christian gentleman does two decent Christian things—gestures that Waugh seems to intend as his lighted candles for a naughty world. For one, Guy remarries his flighty ex-wife,

Virginia, simply because she is pregnant (by Trimmer). "Can you tell me any sane reason for doing this thing?" a friend asks him, and he answers: "I don't think I've ever in my life done a single positively unselfish action. Here was something most unwelcome, put into my hands; something which I believe the Americans describe as 'beyond the call of duty'; not the normal behavior of an officer and gentleman; something they'll laugh about in Bellamy's." His second excursion beyond call of duty is to make a nuisance of himself trying to rescue a handful of Jews from the Nazis and Communists in Yugoslavia.

Sharp Look. In his crisply written trilogy, Waugh seems to be turning back from the mannered romanticism of *Brideshead Revisited*. But this is not the exuberant young cynic of *Decline and Fall*, *Black Mischief* and *A Handful of Dust*; sophistication has been supplanted by weary wisdom, not-so-innocent merriment by middle-aged melancholy. The upperclass war the trilogy chronicles—in bars and blackouts, billets and beds—will for many bear only a limited resemblance to any real war they knew or imagined. Its dialogue is so Britishly British that it is bound to set some New World teeth on edge. But however limited, it is a valid social documentation of an obsolete way of life and death—as well as a concerned Christian's sharp look at some of the mutants that can make men welcome war.

"Is there any place that is free from evil?" cries a Jewish D.P. to Crouchback in Yugoslavia. "It is too simple to say that only the Nazis wanted war. These Communists wanted it too. It was the only way in which they could come to power. Many of my people wanted it, to be revenged on the Germans, to hasten the creation of the national state . . . Even good men thought their private honor would be satisfied by war. They could assert their manhood by killing and being killed. They would accept hardships in recompense for having been selfish and lazy. Danger justified privilege. I knew Italians—not very many perhaps—who felt this. Were there none in England?"

"God forgive me," says Guy. "I was one of them."

The Red Berets

THE CENTURIONS (487 pp.)—Jean Lartéguy—Dutton (\$4.95).

Nearly every visitor to France has seen them: lean men in red berets, with open collars and rolled-up sleeves, who walk with the self-conscious swagger of a military elite. They are French paratroopers, who both defend De Gaulle's Fifth Republic and threaten to destroy it. This engrossing novel, by ex-paratrooper Jean Lartéguy, 40, which has sold more than 400,000 copies in France, examines at length the fury and frustration animating this brotherhood.

From a Kafka Hell. The mystique of the paratrooper, says Author Lartéguy, was born in the Kafka-like hell of Com-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAY MAYES

Now just where are we at?

Bob Abernethy asks himself this question whenever he gets a news story. It reminds him of his most important and challenging problem: how to make news completely clear to an audience that doesn't know all the background. The question dates from 1956, when he was one of NBC's London correspondents. His charwoman's son Billy was laid up with a broken leg and Bob seized the opportunity to teach him how to read. Bob started very simply with the word "at." After a long struggle Billy got it. "At" he said triumphantly, "Wot I 'ave on my 'ead." ■ "Update," the news program for teenagers which is Bob's current major assignment, gives him the chance to present the full background of the news and avoid misunderstandings like Billy's. This policy gets results. Update's recent review of the complex

European Common Market situation was hailed as a masterpiece of clarity, not only for the teenage audience but for the many adults who regularly view the program. ■ Although still only 34, Bob Abernethy has been with NBC nearly ten years. His scoops have included the first broadcast on the Suez invasion and a world exclusive on the selection of America's Astronaut. ■ His strong news sense and brilliant exposition make him a vital member of NBC's broadcast News organization—the largest in the world. With 700 editors, correspondents, producers and cameramen, based in 75 countries, NBC News is superbly equipped to bring you accurate, responsible, comprehensive reporting from

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unist prison camps in Viet Nam after the fall of Dienbienphu. Like U.S. soldiers captured in the Korean war, the French were subjected to intensive brainwashing—but with vastly different results. The paratroop officers made a calculated decision to embrace the “political fiction” of the camp. They signed petitions condemning capitalism, accused themselves of monstrous crimes, made a noisy show of repentance, and even wrote a “progressive” hymn in which each word had a double meaning. They answered the doublethink of the Communists with doubletalk manifestoes that had “just the right amount of exaggeration to make anyone with any sense howl with laughter.”

They had a serious purpose: to discover the secret that enabled the Communists to turn Vietnamese rickshaw boys and coolies into an army strong enough to humble France. Picaresque Captain Boissefeuras decided that Communist propaganda works because “it touches something deep, something real, in a man.” Cerebral Captain Esclavier concluded that the West in its colonial wars suffers “from conscience and remorse; that’s why we’re losing.” What is needed to win, declared Colonel Raspégué, is shrewd, cunning missionaries “who preach, but keep one hand on the butts of their revolvers in case anyone interrupts them—or happens to disagree.”

Bidet Civilization. Back in France after the Indo-China war, the paratroop officers are sickened by the “civilization of the Frigidaire and the bidet.” They welcome the Algerian rebellion, and, under Colonel Raspégué, take over the misfits and mutineers of the 10th Paratroop Regiment determined to turn them into “Communists” who are anti-Communist. For two months, the regiment is molded by forced marches and the blare of loudspeakers that ceaselessly extol “us” and denounce “them,” i.e., anyone who is not a paratrooper.

After this brainwashing in reverse, the regiment is sent into a remote village to track down an elusive F.L.N. band, and promptly loses two men in an ambush. In reprisal, the paras cut the throats of 17 Muslim villagers who had nothing to do with the affair. It is brutal, but in “Communist” terms it works, since the natives are now too frightened to help the guerrillas. The band is soon cornered and wiped out.

At the novel's end, the paratroop officers are subpoenaed in connection with charges that some of them had tortured prisoners. The officers are outraged. Colonel Raspégué defiantly tells his staff that whenever Cabinet ministers or Deputies visited his headquarters, he had flatly told them: “We’re doing this job because your government has ordered us to, but it repels and disgusts us.” And now these same bastards are trying to haul us into court! Hold tight to your guns, then no one will come to bother us.

Author Lartéguy's book was published in Paris in 1960. Since then, history has proved him correct in his assessment of



EX-PARATROOPER LARTÉGUY
Preaching with a pistol handy.

the reckless desperation of the paratroops; when the rebel generals revolted in Algiers last April, three paratroop regiments stuck with them to the bitter end. Rebel General Raoul Salan escaped arrest to become the leader of the terrorist Secret Army Organization, and his staff is made up of such tough ex-paratroop officers as Colonel Yves Godard and Pierre Lagallarde.

Lartéguy argues that a large part of the French officer corps shares the paras' impatient rage at the politicians and blames them for leading the nation in a long retreat from its onetime glory. In effect, Lartéguy's novel is a warning (echoed by many French observers): unless De Gaulle can perform the miracle of ending the Algerian war without further damage to the sense of *gloire*, the army that put him in power may yet try to overthrow him.

Also Current

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, by Muriel Spark (187 pp.; Lippincott; \$3.95). Knowledgeable readers of Muriel Spark's novels admire such crystalline structures of malice as *Memento Mori* and *The Ballad of Peckham Rye* partly for the economy with which they are built. Avoiding bravura writing as she would a vulgar display of pound notes, this Scotswoman sits composedly among her characters, goading them by silence and an infrequent equivocal smile to disclose their sins. Rarely does the exposure require more than 200 pages, and at the end of a Muriel Spark novel, most readers find themselves wondering why other writers must babble on and on to twice that length.

Unhappily, in the present novel the author's spare style seems to be the prod-

uct less of economy than of penury. The book consists of reminiscences by several former Edinburgh schoolgirls about an eccentric teacher who was the guru of their set. One of the girls betrayed the teacher, Miss Brodie, to a disapproving headmistress, and the story quietly ex-covers astonishing falsities in unlikely places. The language stings as elegantly as ever, and when the author writes that gaunt Scottish schoolmistresses say good morning "with predestination in their smiles," nothing need be added to the description. The flaw is a thinness of texture: no single outline is untrue, but details are indefinite, as in a photographic positive taken too soon from the developer.

LOVE AND BE SILENT, by Curtis Harnack (246 pp.; Harcourt, Brace & World; \$4.50). Strangers may think that Kaleb, Iowa, is just a "Siberian collection of buildings," but to Farmer Robert Schneider it means pie and coffee at the Kaleb Café, dances at the Cornflower Ballroom, high old times in Buzzy Burns's tavern, with its row of convenient cabins out back. His wife Donna is both high-spirited and indecisive, but he settles her down with a tumbling succession of babies. His spinster sister Alma proves more difficult. She falls in love with soft-spoken Roger Larkin, a feckless Southerner who holds the depressed view that the U.S. is a giant pool table and he its eight ball; the Great Pool Player Upstairs puts him now in the side pocket of Louisiana, now in the corner pocket of Texas. While he wanders, Alma sits patiently home, waiting.

This second novel of Author Curtis (The Work of an Ancient Hand) Harnack, 34, is ostensibly a study of the diverse marriages of Schneider and Alma, the sacred v. the profane. But what ultimately emerges is a tremulous song in praise of the Midwest, a region that has long needed a minnesinger. Harnack touches expertly on the deep small-town need to believe in such absurdities as 1) that little Joanie Henkman is the world's best corner player, 2) that Ida Bean's goiter baffles the greatest brains in medicine, and 3) that if only Blacky Neuzig had been given his "big chance," he could have played major league ball. Iowa-born Author Harnack is married to Novelist Hortense Calisher and teaches English at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, N.Y., a good thousand miles from the Iowa he celebrates so well and warmly.

A CHURCHILL CANVAS, by John Spencer Churchill (308 pp.; Little, Brown; \$5.75). Uncle could ape a gorilla as well as any man who ever lived. "Grr, grr," he would roar, and then crouch in the branches of an oak, "baring his teeth and pounding his chest with his fists." At the beach, Uncle was always the engineer who mobilized the children to build a fortress of sand against the rising



JOHN CHURCHILL & FOURTH WIFE
Mentioning without saying.

tide: "More sand for the outer defenses! Stop the moat from flooding! Hurry!" Uncle also happened to be Winston Churchill, and upon this familial foundation John Spencer Churchill—a painter specializing in murals—has erected the scaffolding of his autobiography entitled *A Churchill Canvas*.

The Great Man, Nephew Churchill reports, cries in movies. He joins in the family tradition of greeting relatives by mewling like a cat or barking like a dog. Once during World War I, Nephew Churchill leaned out of an upstairs window and, drop by drop, poured the contents of a chamber pot down upon the heads of his uncle, then Minister of Munitions, and Prime Minister Lloyd George. But Churchill's accounts are more anecdote than insight: he never really tries to explain what makes the old man tick. And sooner or later, since he is writing an autobiography, Churchill is brought back to the problem of talking about himself. He has a lot to mention and not much to say. As an officer in a camouflage outfit, Churchill was on the beaches at Dunkirk—he later painted the scene—but his description is insipid. His family thought little of his love affairs—they called it "playing the ass in the bulrushes"—and he went on to have four wives. His family thought equally little of his desire to become a painter—they called it "playing the ass in the gutter"—and he went on to a career that has been something less than spectacular. Whether writing about his fun and games in the bulrushes or the gutter, Churchill never rises above the level of an amusingly gossipy chatterbox.

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

The Second Time Around. Debbie Reynolds plumes herself with horsefeathers in a comedy western that, saving her presence, would have been just one more prairie dog.

Mysterious Island. A fizzy reinflation of Jules Verne's gasbag thriller.

The Innocents. A story of profound religious horror, *The Turn of the Screw* by Henry James, has been diminished by Director Jack (Room at the Top) Clayton into a sophisticated psychiatric chiller. Deborah Kerr is exquisitely hysterical as the haunted heroine.

La Belle Américaine. A running gag about U.S. automobiles that sometimes stalls but usually crowds the speed limit; written, directed and acted by Robert (La Plume de Ma Tante) Dhéry, a French comedian who is rapidly emerging as a sort of tatty Tati.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The best puppet picture ever made: a feature-length version of Shakespeare's play put together by Czechoslovakia's Jiri Trnka, the Walt Disney of the Communist bloc.

El Cid. The Spanish Lancelot, hero of the wars against the Moors, is celebrated in the year's best superspectacle.

One, Two, Three. Director Billy Wilder employs contemporary Berlin as location for a Coca-Colonial comedy of bad manners that relentlessly maintains the pace that refreshes.

Throne of Blood. Director Akira (Rashomon) Kurosawa's grand, barbaric Japanization of *Macbeth* is probably the most original and vital attempt ever made to translate Shakespeare to the screen.

The Five-Day Lover. France's Philippe de Broca has directed a gay-grim comedy of intersecting triangles in which the participants suddenly discover that the dance of life is also the dance of death.

TELEVISION

Wed., Jan. 17

Stars—Pathway to Space (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.).* Astronomy's contribution to space probing, with panel of astronomers and astrophysicists.

David Brinkley (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Report on the conservative movement on U.S. college campuses. Color.

Thurs., Jan. 18

Young People's Concert (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). New York Philharmonic with Leonard Bernstein, features Gershwin's *An American in Paris*, De Falla's *The Three-Cornered Hat*.

The World of Jimmy Doolittle (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). The story of the World War II hero and aviation pioneer.

CBS Reports (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "The Fat American," a look at the causes and cures of overweight. Among experts interviewed: Dr. Paul Dudley White and Ancel Keys, physiologist and co-inventor of wartime K ration.

Fri., Jan. 19

Bell Telephone Hour (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Guitarist Andrés Segovia and Dancers Maria Tallchief and Erik Bruhn ap-

* All times E.S.T.

pear with the Bell Telephone Orchestra. **Eyewitness to History** (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). Spotlight on the top news story of the week.

Sat., Jan. 20

Accent (CBS, 1:30-2 p.m.). Part 2 of Folklorist J. Frank Dobie's recollections of the Old West.

Sun., Jan. 21

Focus (NBC, 5-6 p.m.). A dramatization of Arthur Miller's novel.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A documentary on the problems of airports.

Walt Disney (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Part 1 of "Sancho, the Homing Steer" tells about a Texas longhorn that sneaks away from a cattle drive to find his way home again, traveling 1,200 miles in a year. Color.

Du Pont Show of the Week (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A Project 20 documentary that traces circuses from early times to present. Clown Emmett Kelly is storyteller.

Mon., Jan. 22

Expedition! (ABC, 7-7:30 p.m.). Adrian Cowell, explorer and anthropologist, is guide on a trip through the impenetrable rain forests of British Guiana.

Tues., Jan. 23

Ernie Kovacs Special (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Kovacs stages a Gay Nineties melodrama entirely in pantomime.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Night of the Iguana, by Tennessee Williams. A quartet of life's castaways gather on a Mexican veranda and probe their defeated dreams and violated hearts in what may be Williams' wisest play.

Ross, by Terence Rattigan, presents an absorbing theory of T. E. Lawrence as a man whose triumph and tragedy was his will. Actor John Mills portrays the hero with lacerating honesty.

A Man for All Seasons, by Robert Bolt. Rarely has the problem of duty v. conscience been posed with more precision of language and lucidity of thought than it is in this play. In Actor Paul Scofield, the hero Sir Thomas More is reincarnated.

Gideon, by Paddy Chayefsky, takes a large theme, the relationship of God and Man, and treats it with more humor than awe, but the performances of Fredric March and Douglas Campbell are full of fire and brimstone.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying is a secret that Actor Robert Morse exuberantly shares with the audience in his great, grinning rush to the top of the corporate heap.

The Caretaker, by Harold Pinter, mingles brooding poetry with eruptive passion as it unfolds a strange, shifting relationship between two brothers and a scrofulous tramp.

Off Broadway

Brecht on Brecht is an arresting two hours with the late great German playwright, a sort of literary and dramatic review composed of selections from his

poems, letters, songs, plays and aphorisms, and acted out with selfless intensity.

2 by Saroyan proves that Saroyan cafes, like Scott Fitzgerald parties, have a magic and a logic that is out of this world.

Misalliance, by George Bernard Shaw. That old boulevardier of the intellect, G.B.S., loved to wear ideas like carnations. Unlike carnations, few of the ideas in this 1910 buttonhole have withered.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Silva, by Vercors. In a clever reworking of the woman-into-fox fable, French Novelist Vercors investigates the nature of man and man's will in a way that is moralistic but never sententious.

The Papers of Alexander Hamilton (Volumes I & II), edited by Harold C. Syrett and Jacob E. Cooke. These first installments of a proposed 20-volume collection, which follow Hamilton through his 27th year, show something other than the bloodless autocrat of popular fancy; Hamilton was, as his eloquent letters prove, a man of passion and conviction.

The Burning Brand and The House on the Hill, both by Cesare Pavese. Respectively, a gloomy, brilliant private diary and a dour novel of Italy in World War II by a gifted Italian man of letters who killed himself for reasons he explained painfully in the journal.

But Not in Shame, by John Toland. The first half part of the Pacific war, one of the most discouraging periods in U.S. history, is vividly chronicled by a knowing historian.

The Letters of Beethoven, edited by Emily Anderson. The glimpses into the composer's private affairs are fascinating, but frustrating to those who think genius can be rationally explained; on the evidence of the letters taken alone, Beethoven appears to have been little more than a petty, quarrelsome crank.

Assembly, by John O'Hara. The laureate of upper-middle-class Easterners ranges ably across the old home pastures and sometimes jumps the fence into other pastures in 26 short stories.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Franny and Zooey**, Salinger (1, last week)
2. **The Agony and the Ecstasy**, Stone (2)
3. **Little Me**, Dennis (5)
4. **To Kill a Mockingbird**, Lee (3)
5. **Daughter of Silence**, West (6)
6. **Spirit Lake**, Kantor (7)
7. **Chairman of the Bored**, Streeter (4)
8. **A Prologue to Love**, Caldwell (9)
9. **The Carpetbaggers**, Robbins (8)
10. **The Judas Tree**, Cronin

NONFICTION

1. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (1)
2. **The Making of the President 1960**, White (2)
3. **Living Free**, Adamson (3)
4. **A Nation of Sheep**, Lederer (5)
5. **The Coming Fury**, Catton (7)
6. **The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich**, Shirer (4)
7. **The New English Bible** (6)
8. **My Saber Is Bent**, Parr (9)
9. **I Should Have Kissed Her More**, King (8)
10. **Citizen Hearst**, Swanberg (10)



Windswept Koolau Range on Oahu. Photographed for Alcoa by Werner Stoy/Camera Hawaii

Lashed by trade winds laden with moisture, this Alcoa® Aluminum transmission tower has a life expectancy of 50 years in an environment that frequently corrodes other metals in less than one. Rain, sea spray, industrial fumes — aluminum weathers them all with negligible care and upkeep. Designing and fabricating such long-lived outdoor structures is a specialty of Alcoa, world's largest light-metals workshop.

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